



The BAYONET

Vol. 2019, No 3

Augusta Military Academy Alumni Foundation, Inc. Newsletter

Summer 2019

Reunion 2019 is in the books ...

Was it a success? Most definitely it is however you choose to look at it.

It was about AMA widows coming to pay tribute to their husbands, who loved AMA so much that they wished for a portion of their remains to be spread on the AMA grounds to remain there forever.

It was about a group of AMA men pooling their resources to fully fund the weekend for two of these AMA widows.

It was about a 1969 alumnus who *just happened* to show up unannounced only to find his old dress uniform part of the black top display honoring valley schools.

It was about alumni coming back home to their school for the first time since they graduated in the 1960's and 1970's and being welcomed with open arms by the "regulars."

It was about gathering with your classmates and browsing that well worn 1969 RECALL and also recalling the many memories that didn't make it into the yearbook.

It was about winning the raffle for a replica AMA saber so you could add a plaque honoring your father who passed away last year.

It was about a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to hear from both a Medal of Honor recipient and a Distinguished Service Cross recipient.

It was an opportunity to experience your first grog ceremony.

It was a time to honor and acknowledge three individuals who pulled the Museum and the Foundation through arguably the toughest six months since being formed many years ago.

It was a time to acknowledge four who stepped up to make this reunion one of the best ever.

It was about honoring our founder, Charles Sommerville Roller, and remembering alumni who passed this year.

It was a time to gather on the porch at the end of long days and enjoy cigars and tall, sometimes very tall tales, of our days as cadets.

It was a time for some to experience the greatness of the National D-Day Memorial.



Some played golf, some shot clays.

We had a rookie at the helm this year. This was the first reunion Neil Fitzgerald, our Museum Director, had been involved with. He learned a lot.

Did every single event come off without a hitch? Does it ever? It doesn't really matter whether a reunion is technically perfect. What matters is that we all have an opportunity to return, relive, reminisce, and remember our youth.

Only about 4 or 5% of our mailing list make it to a reunion each year. That's a shame. A lot of individuals and spouses expended an enormous amount of time, effort, and personal expense to make sure this small group had a wonderful weekend.

Contact your AMA friends and encourage them to attend next year's reunion, April 16-19, 2020.



Their message: "Ya'll come back, ya hear?"

Augusta Military Academy Alumni Association, Inc.

Dear Brothers & Friends,

Those of you who missed the reunion this year you missed a lot. We were fortunate to have two superb guest speakers. Medal of Honor Recipient, **CSM Gary Littrell** and Distinguished Service Cross Recipient, **CWO5 David Cooper**. Not to mention we celebrated **Colonel Livick's** 90th birthday Friday night at the banquet.

As many of you saw in the monthly newsletter published recently by **Doug and Trudy Pennock** there were a lot of people involved in this year's reunion. I want to also thank all that were involved in this endeavor with a special thanks to the AMA Ladies, **Becky Granger** and **Trudy Pennock**. Also, **1SGT Don Studer** who always comes to the rescue every reunion year and **Neil Fitzgerald** and his staff for the premium time they invested into Reunion 2019. **Tom Del Valle** arranged for the appearance of our guest speakers.

I am also happy to report the meals provided by the Staunton Country Club and Pete Harrison's catering service were superb. Special thanks to Connie at the Holiday Inn for the improvement of their customer service.

At this time, we are working on our next reunion. The 2020 reunion dates will be 16 through 19 April. Reunion 2020 will celebrate the 20 years of operation of our museum and the 75th anniversary of our Victory over Germany and Japan (VE and VJ Day).



Those of you who participated in Reunion 2019 please contact your classmates and encourage them to attend next year's reunion. We definitely need to improve our numbers.

And members of the class of '60 and '70 should start contacting your classmates now to get them to attend Reunion 2020.

As everyone knows there are three things that make our organization a success: volunteers, contributions and participation. Our museum is seeing an influx in the number of people visiting the facility. There has been improvement in our Gift Shoppe (PX) in regard to variety of items for sale and sales are on the rise.

So those of you that are close by please volunteer to be a docent. Without going into details on fund raising please at least make a monthly \$50.00 contribution by credit card. If you are not comfortable with \$50.00, we are happy to receive even \$20.00 contribution monthly. As a team, we have a great operation on our old campus, so let's keep it going.

Before closing I would like to say a few words about our brother, **B.J. d'Orsay**. If it were not for B.J. preparing the Bayonet, none of us would be reading this paper. He deserves a special thanks for everything he does for our organization.

I hope everyone has a wonderful summer and I truly look forward to seeing you all in 2020 if not before.

Respectfully,

Steve Trent



You can make a difference.

When you place an order at smile.amazon.com, Amazon will make a donation to Augusta Military Academy Alumni Foundation Inc.



Volume 2019, Number 3

Newsletter of the Augusta Military Academy

Alumni Foundation, Inc.

PO BOX 100

Fort Defiance, VA 24437-0100

Editor: B.J. d'Orsay, '70

The Bayonet is distributed to alumni and friends of the Augusta Military Academy. Notice of changes of address should be sent to the AMA Museum, PO BOX 100, Fort Defiance, VA 24437-0100 or by email to Museum@AMAalumni.org

Please provide us with your 9-digit zip code! The Bayonet welcomes information and articles for or about AMA alumni. Share the news of promotions, awards, retirement, births, marriages, deaths, etc. Digital photos should be at least 300 dpi and preferably in TIFF format. Printed color photos are also welcome.

Mail or email information to:

B.J. d'Orsay
4206 38th Street
Lubbock, TX 79413-2512

Phone 806-790-7092

[email: Bayonet@AMAalumni.org](mailto:Bayonet@AMAalumni.org)

Augusta Military Academy Alumni Organizational Chart

AMA alumni have two organizations which represent the interests of our school and its matchless legacy.

Augusta Military Academy Alumni Foundation, Inc.

Governed by a Board of Directors responsible for the operation of the AMA Museum, publication of the newsletter, *The Bayonet*, and management of several scholarship programs.

Board of Directors

Museum

Bayonet

Scholarships

Director

Funded Staff

Volunteers

Augusta Military Academy Alumni Association, Inc.

Governed by a Board of Directors who plan and execute the annual alumni reunion, and the operation of the Gift Shoppe located within the Museum.

Board of Directors

Reunion

Gift Shoppe



Augusta Military Academy Alumni Foundation, Inc.

AMA Alumni and Friends,

Please extend a big "Thank You" to **Steve Trent, Doug & Trudy Pennock, Tom Del Valle, Garry and Becky Granger, and Neil Fitzgerald** for planning and executing a great reunion!

Summer is here, and we've been busy on campus planning some upcoming events. On August 20th, AMA will be hosting an awards breakfast for the **Greater Augusta County Chamber of Commerce**. The event is "Honoring Our Heroes". Local police, EMT's and Emergency Responders will be recognized for their outstanding service to the community. All Alumni are welcome to attend, and we'll need volunteer docents for visitors from the event that day.

You are encouraged to communicate with your Foundation's Board of Directors. We really do want to hear from all of you regarding any concerns or issues you may have.

Chairman
Ed Rogerville, '76
erogerville@hotmail.com

Vice Chairman
Doug Pennock, '72
dpennock2002@yahoo.com

Secretary
John Arthur, '75
john.arthur@cdg-1.com

Treasurer
Gary Cripps, '71
gcripps@decoop.com

Chaplain
Gordon Metz, '68
gordonmetz@gmail.com

Ed Click, '50
edwin.click@comcast.com

Tom Del Valle, '73
tomdelvalle85@gmail.com

B.J. d'Orsay, '70
bj.dorsay@gmail.com

Gary Morrison, FMS '81
gmorrison@newdayusa.com

Brett Thompson, '75
classicrider@gmail.com

Steve Traylor, '72
steve.traylor3@verizon.net

Frank Williamson, '60
frankbev1@aol.com

Steve Trent, '70
trent@mindspring.com

CSM Gary Littrell

Medal of Honor Recipient

“I am proud to be called a warrior.”

“You don’t get awards for taking lives. You receive awards for saving lives. And so I’m glad that I was able to bring forty one walking wounded off the hill. I’ve asked myself numerous times. What did I do wrong? Why couldn’t I have brought more out? It’s just something I deal with.”

Gary Littrell, a 24 year old advisor to a Vietnamese Ranger Battalion, spent four days surrounded by two North Vietnamese regiments and a North Vietnamese sapper battalion. The odds were about 10 to 1 in favor of the North Vietnamese. After four days, he and the remnants of his force were able to evacuate the hill they had defended

Gary came home from Vietnam, and remained in the Army, isolating him from the negative sentiments most returning vets received from the public.

The same cannot be said for the two other men awarded the Medal of Honor with Gary Littrell by President Nixon in 1973.

Gary Beikirch was a medic who had been seriously wounded himself during a mortar attack. Being the only medic in the unit, he would not allow himself to be evacuated, but chose to remain behind saving the lives of others. When he returned home, he could not deal with the stress of his war-time experiences and eventually ended up living in a cave in his native upstate New York. He eventually made his way out of the cave and has been a school counselor since then.

Kenneth Kays was also a medic, who refused to be evacuated after being wounded, having lost the lower portion of his left leg. He applied a tourniquet to his leg and continued treating the wounded during the battle. He returned to his home to Southern Indiana. Kenneth dealt with his stress with drugs and alcohol. After returning from Washington when he received his Medal of Honor he was met with comments like “How many babies did you have to kill to get that medal?” Kenneth eventually committed suicide in 1991.

Everyone handles stress differently. “We have twenty two veterans a day who commit suicide. And we don’t have to have that number. You have visible wounds. You have invisible wounds. Those invisible wounds are hard, hard to deal with. I challenge you to find that individual friend, rebel, whatever and you get him to the closest V.A. Hospital. The V.A. hospitals in the last five years



CSM Gary Littrell

Jim Palmershien introduced **Gary Littrell**. “There have been about 3,500 Medal of Honor medals awarded since 1861. Over half of those medals have been awarded posthumously. So when you meet a Medal of Honor recipient, they didn’t “win” anything, they earned that medal. There are no medal of honor winners, there are recipients.”



“In life, we all look back at those paths in the road, that fork, if you will, those defining moments, and it’s very clear as an army veteran myself that for many of you here, being at this reunion gives you an opportunity to reflect upon a time when your life was defined. It’s about friendship, it’s about doing something for the guy to your left, the guy to your right. Just being a fly on the wall and listening to the stories is priceless because it truly speaks to the American spirit. It truly speaks to what it is to be free, it truly speaks to what it means to be an American. The AMA experience is all about that.”

“When we think about selfless service and sacrifice, when we think about the fact that there have been roughly 42 million who have worn the cloth of this nation since this great experiment was born in the 1700’s, when we think about the sacrifice that’s been given, when we think about the symbolism of that, for the folks here in this room tonight, it’s not lost on any of us that the Medal of Honor truly is that symbol, not only of our nation’s highest award for valor in combat, but the fact that that ribbon and that medal represents the ethos that defines who we are, the fact that we’re all Americans and we’re willing to sacrifice and give for this thing called freedom.”

are building good mental health facilities. They have good programs. It may be hard luck. You may have to take that individual and say we’re going to the hospital tomorrow. We’re going to get help. I just don’t want you to be another one of the 22 a day that commit suicide.”

No one handles stress the same.

Gary goes on to say he didn’t have stress when he came home.

Gary Beikirch had stress.

Kenneth Kays had Stress.

Their citations are on the next page.

You can view a video of Gary Littrell's talk in its entirety on our website:

<https://amaalumni.org/ama-videos/>

After retiring from the Army, Gary Littrell started a second career with the Veterans Administration. From there he saw a need for rehab equipment for blast injuries and spinal cord injuries or traumatic brain injuries.

He got a group of young engineers together and they have a company now that has a therapeutic glove. Everyone was concentrating on the blast injuries of the men and the spinal cord injuries and concentrated efforts towards getting them to walk. No one was concerned about regaining mobility in their hands.

Today, Gary works with the Medal Of Honor Society's Character Development Program, sending teachers into the classroom based on the six values of the medal of honor society: courage, integrity, sacrifice, patriotism, commitment and citizenship.

Gary spent four hours Friday with Dave Cooper presenting the Character Development program to the VWIL cadets of Mary Baldwin University.

He spoke to them about the six values of the Medal of Honor Society: courage, integrity, sacrifice, patriotism, commitment, and citizenship. These characteristics answer the question, "Who am I?" Gary passed out these stickers to who ever wanted one.



"I stand up and do the right thing at the right time. For the right reason. I have integrity. Integrity is the most important word in the English language. Without integrity. You are an empty bottle."

Kenneth Kays

For conspicuous gallantry intrepidity in action at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. Pfc. (then Pvt.) Kays distinguished himself while serving as a medical aidman with Company D, 1st Battalion, 101st Airborne Division near Fire Support Base Maureen. A heavily armed force of enemy sappers and infantrymen assaulted Company D's night defensive position, wounding and killing a number of its members. Disregarding the intense enemy fire and ground assault, Pfc. Kays began moving toward the perimeter to assist his fallen comrades. In doing so he became the target of concentrated enemy fire and explosive charges, one of which severed the lower portion of his left leg. After applying a tourniquet to his leg, Pfc. Kays moved to the fire-swept perimeter,

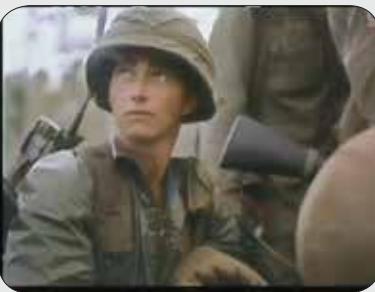
administered medical aid to 1 of the wounded, and helped move him to an area of relative safety. Despite his severe wound and excruciating pain, Pfc. Kays returned to the perimeter in search of other wounded men. He treated another wounded comrade, and, using his own body as a shield against enemy bullets and fragments, moved him to safety. Although weakened from a great loss of blood, Pfc. Kays resumed his heroic lifesaving efforts by moving beyond



the company's perimeter into enemy held territory to treat a wounded American lying there. Only after his fellow wounded soldiers had been treated and evacuated did Pfc. Kays allow his own wounds to be treated. These courageous acts by Pfc. Kays resulted in the saving of numerous lives and inspired others in his company to repel the enemy. Pfc. Kays' heroism at the risk of his life are in keeping with the highest traditions of the service and reflect great credit on him, his unit, and the U.S. Army.

Gary B. Beikirch

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. Sgt. Beikirch, medical aidman, Detachment B-24, Company B, distinguished himself during the defense of Camp Dak Seang. The allied defenders suffered a number of casualties as a result of an intense, devastating attack launched by the enemy from well-concealed positions surrounding the camp. Sgt. Beikirch, with complete disregard



for his personal safety, moved unhesitatingly through the withering enemy fire to his fallen comrades, applied first aid to their wounds

and assisted them to the medical aid station. When informed that a seriously injured American officer was lying in an exposed position, Sgt. Beikirch ran immediately through the hail of fire. Although he was wounded seriously by fragments from an exploding enemy mortar shell, Sgt. Beikirch carried the officer to a medical aid station. Ignoring his own serious

injuries, Sgt. Beikirch left the relative safety of the medical bunker to search for and evacuate other men who had been injured. He was again wounded as he dragged a critically injured Vietnamese soldier to the medical bunker while simultaneously applying mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to sustain his life. Sgt. Beikirch again refused treatment and continued his search for other casualties until he collapsed. Only then did he permit himself to be treated. Sgt. Beikirch's complete devotion to the welfare of his comrades, at the risk of his life are in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit on him, his unit, and the U.S. Army

The Chairman's Appreciation

Friday evening Chairman Ed Rogerville addressed the crowd to make several presentations of appreciation on behalf of the Foundation , saying, "As most of you know, the last year here at AMA, the AMA Alumni Association and in particular the Foundation and Museum, it's been a year of change. We've had tremendous change happen over the last year and with that change came some confusion, a lot of hard work, and a lot of trips to Fort Defiance by Steve Trent and myself. But during all this time the trustees and directors put in a lot of hard work. We had a couple of trustees who really, really, really stepped up to the plate and really helped us through some rough situations."



Ed Click, '50, receives a Chairman's award from
Ed Rogerville, '75, AMA Alumni Foundation Chairman

"Without Ed Click's hard work, dedication, and accounting skills we wouldn't have been able to pay the bills. Ed, thank you very very much."



Don Studer a long time faculty member of AMA, received his Chairman's award From AMA Alumni Foundation Chairman Ed Rogerville, '75

Introducing Don Studer, Ed had this to say, "We also had another gentleman that really really contributed far and above the call of duty. He just happened to show up out of the blue one day ... perfect timing ... and he showed up at the museum in the nick of time. Without your help and dedication we would have never made it. Don's been watching out for us for 50 years now. And he's a pretty patient man to put up with all this mess for all this time



Medal of Honor recipient CMS Gary Littrell presents an engraved Army Ka-Bar to B.J. d'Orsay, '70, Friday evening.

Ed concluded his awards "And finally I'd like to recognize one more alumnus that, I don't know how many hours a week this guy puts in, but he does more than a full time job for us. He travels from Texas back to Virginia on a regular basis, he's on the phone with me on a regular basis, he emails with me, with the vice-chairman and the other trustees, with Mid-Valley Press. He thought he was retired, but he's got a full time job now. I would like to recognize B.J. d'Orsay for his work with the Bayonet. He's done a fine job."

Founders day



B.J. d'Orsay, '70, and Command Sergeant Major Johnson, USA, Retired,
VWIL Senior Enlisted Advisor at
Mary Baldwin University salute the Color Guard.

Photo by Victor Gomez, '69



The Color Guard from Mary Baldwin University's VWIL (Virginia Women's Institute for Leadership) Cadet Corps prepare to march into the Founder's Day Ceremony at the Old Stone Church cemetery.

We bade farewell to our brothers who have passed since the last reunion:

William E. Dawson, '43
James Pigg, '46
Donald Carmichael, '48
George Crispen, '48
John Milton Miller, '48
William F. Wissler, '51
Daniel S. Jones, '51
Benjamin Hansel, '53
Buddy Krise, '57
Jacob Hugh Harmon, '58
David Conrad Jr., '59
Thomas Skinner Brother, '60
Gerald Wolfson, '61
William G. Klinck, '62
Thomas Hart, '65
Robert Powell, '67
Gary Wayne Argenbright, '69
Samuel Alexander Knox III, '70
Mark Henry Femrite, '71
Wayne Scott Vincent, '73
Robert "Bob" Burl Walker, '75
Henry Cornick Jr., '81



Gordon Metz: "The Roller family are the foundation of why we're here. Not just what they did but the ideals that they started with. It's so great in today's world to have people who still have ideals that are worth talking about that we think are important. We had General Roller who passed away in '63, Charles who passed away in '38, Colonel Tom who died in '47, and all those are people who carried on a legacy, they helped us be who we are today. Over the years as I think about AMA, I think about Mal and Linda. I think about all they did. I guarantee that Col. Livick has seen the best and the worst in most of us. You have to take pride in knowing that he shaped the foundation of so many people."

Mary Baldwin University



CWO5 David Cooper and CSM Gary Littrell spent four hours Friday afternoon with the cadets of Mary Baldwin University's Virginia Women's Leadership Institute (VWIL) telling their stories and talking about the Medal Of Honor Society's core values.

We extend our extreme appreciation to **Brig Gen Djuric**, USAF, Retired, and Mary Baldwin University for providing their Color Guard for our Friday Banquet, and Founder's Day ceremony and lunch on Saturday. They also allowed our guest speakers to address their corps on Friday afternoon. The color guard was commanded by **Command Sergeant Major Johnson**, USA, Retired.



Photo by Victor Gomez



Chief Warrant Officer David Cooper was at one time during his career the most decorated active soldier in the Army. He knows of what he speaks, and he is one of the most humble and genuine men you will meet.

Dave presented to us the details of the 2007 battle in Iraq for which he received the Distinguished Service Cross.

But he spoke less about himself than he did of the men around him that day. He spoke of men doing hours of work in just minutes with a simple Leatherman tool.

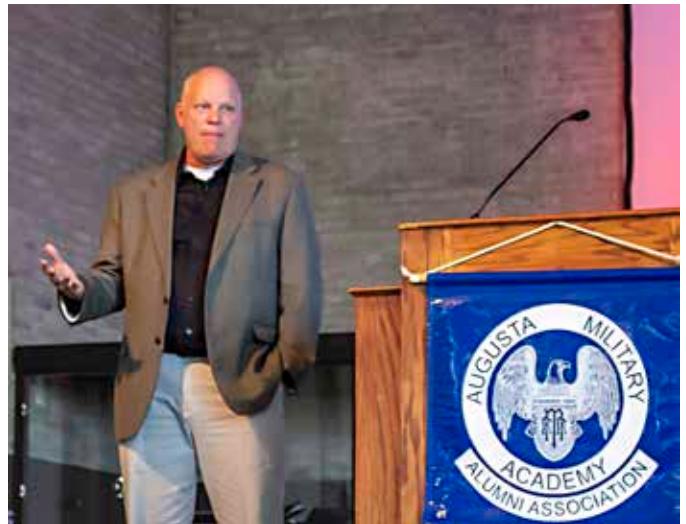
He spoke of men pitching in to support him by keeping his helicopter fueled and rearmed during the 2+ hour battle.

He spoke of the F-16 pilot who lost his life that day supporting Dave and the rest of the men on the ground.

It all led up to his closing.

Paraphrasing our school motto, Dave finished by saying, *"through hard work, reaching for the stars, Army aviation is a team of teams. My copilot and I while alone in our helicopter were counting on clerks doing their jobs, medics*

CWO David Cooper



Chief Warrant Officer 5 David Cooper spoke to the assembled alumni and guests at Saturday's lunch in the gym.



David Cooper in his Little Bird,

making sure we were fit to fly, flight surgeons to sign us off, crew chiefs who had done maintenance work, re-fuelers, armament guys so we have the right mix of rockets. Getting us out there and supporting us while we're there is a team event. Your worth to the team is never measured by your proximity to the fight.

"This group of dedicated alumni gathered here today are working at raising money for the Alumni Association. I think you'll agree that Colonel Roller would want you to be doing your best work as a team to pull this association together and raise whatever money you need. I think it's great, especially the scholarships you gave out yesterday."

Major Troy Gilbert made his first low strafing run on the lead pickup truck, which had a gun mounted in the rear bed. His Fighting Falcon's warning systems sounded, alerting him to pull up because he was flying too fast and too low. He pulled out of the dive 200 feet above the ground after hitting the lead truck.

Gilbert made another pass to hit the second armed truck -- the third truck could not be found -- but this time, he started his strafing dive about 600 feet lower than he did during the first dive. He tried to pull the plane out of his dive when the warning alarms sounded, but it was too late. Gilbert is believed to have been killed instantly in the crash.



F-16 pilot Major Troy Gilbert died supporting the ground forces of which David Cooper was a part. Major Gilbert's complete story can be read here:

<https://www.airforcetimes.com/news/your-air-force/2016/10/05/after-10-year-search-remains-of-f-16-pilot-killed-in-iraq-are-home/>

Respectfully Remembered ...

In addition to Founder's Day ceremonies where we pay homage to all alumni who have passed away during the last year, on a more personal level, two memorial services were held during this year's reunion.

Kathy Sabo Harmon honored her husband Hugh Harmon, '58, during a brief ceremony on the football field and buried a portion of Hugh's remains. Kathy also retrieved a scoop of AMA soil to take back home.



The ceremony to honor Hugh Harmon was officiated by AMA Chaplain Gordon Metz and attended by numerous alumni.



Bernice Walker, second from right, was joined by (left to right) Becky McWilliams, Brett Thompson, Doug Pennock, Mike Payne, Victor Gomez, and Lewie Kennett on the hill once occupied by Band Barracks.

In a less formal but still reverent ceremony, a group of alumni joined Bernice Walker to remember her deceased husband Bob Walker on the hill behind the mess hall where band barracks once stood.

Stories abounded about Bob's exploits and pranks as we drank a toast to his memory.

Kathy Sabo Harmon, wife of Hugh Harmon, class of 1958, posted this note of thanks on FaceBook after the reunion:

"I would like to thank Augusta Military Academy for making the men they did. I'd like to honor Charles S Roller, Jr. for being more like a father to my husband than anyone. Hugh loved that man so much and was so grateful for knowing him, he proposed to me at his grave in 2000."

"Thank you for making something very important to me possible. It means more than you know. I know Hugh would like being back at AMA forever."

"After all, AMA was with him forever."

"As the shadows lengthen tonight, the sun will set on an empty barracks and home, but memories of you will soar with us for eternity."

"As Astra per Aspera, H2"

"Thank you, AMA, for making possible what no one else could have done for us. It was so important and very much appreciated. I cried happy tears on the drive home."

"When I got home from the hospital after Hugh's passing, wearing Hugh's wedding ring, I went right to my jewelry box for his AMA ring and have worn it ever since."

"I loved AMA b/c Hugh did but I've learned in this last month AMA means even more to me b/c of what it meant to Hugh. I'm so glad I understand that."

Rest in Peace



Local historian Jim Belcher set up two displays on the blacktop on Saturday. The first is a tribute to the U.S.S. Indianapolis, which was torpedoed while returning to the U.S. after delivering a nuclear bomb to Tinian Island. Jim's father was one of the few survivors, so Jim has spent his life organizing reunions for the remaining survivors.

In the photo to the left, Jim Belcher also displays uniforms he has gathered over the years from area military schools. He explained that the AMA uniform, closest to the camera, and shown in the photo to the right, belonged to a cadet from AMA, one Harvey Bowers.

Imagine his surprise when I told him that Harvey was in attendance for the Saturday lunch. I hustled down to the gym, found Harvey and told him. The two met up in front of the gym (See photo on next page).



Harvey Bowers' uniform from the collection of local historian Jim Belcher.





The class of 1969 celebrated their 50th Class Reunion in style, with 11 alumni attending the weekend.

L to R: Bruce Orenstein, Jack White, Bill Leustig, Victor Gomez, George Reaves, Mike Bare, Larry Reed, Frank Roach.

Not pictured: George Tisdale, Harvey Bowers, and Charlie Pascal.

Photo by Howard Rosenthal.



Harvey Bowers, '69, and Jim Belcher

JIM BELCHER JR
1141 GREENDALE ROAD
WAYNESBORO, VA 22980

- PUBLIC EVENT SPEAKER
- USS INDIANAPOLIS CA-35 PROGRAMS
- WWII HISTORY PRESENTATIONS
- MILITARY EXHIBITS & DISPLAYS
- MILITARY VEHICLE DISPLAYS

PH (540) 256-1676
jimbelcherjr@gmail.com

USS Indianapolis Survivor Son & Honorary Son
Honorary Colonel Hark Infantry Regiment
Sgt US Air Force 1970-80

While sitting on the porch of the museum, smoking a cigar and enjoying my favorite iced tea, **Jim Belcher** wandered up and sat down, and we struck up a conversation. Neither of us knew the other, and as we talked, I discovered one of the most interesting men I've met in a long time. It seemed like we had known each other for decades. As he told me his story of keeping the heritage of the U.S.S. Indianapolis alive because of the love he had for his father's heroism and endurance in surviving the ship's sinking, Jim and I have become fast friends. Just another example of the benefits of attending a reunion. You will often discover the unknown that will enrich your life.

Ladies of AMA

INTRODUCING THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MOLLIE CANEVET

by Nancy Botcheller

Etta Mary Roberta Howard was born June 15, 1923 in Blockhouse, Nova Scotia to George Ray Howard and Etta Florinda Inglis. Her parents moved from Canada to the United States when she was a child. She was known throughout her life as "Mollie" and I had the opportunity and pleasure of speaking to two of her 3 children for this interview. John resides in Michigan, Roger in New Hope, Virginia, and Mona in Costa Rica.

John and Roger were very helpful in providing me with memories of their mother. John very proudly shared his grandparents became naturalized citizens of the United States. They settled in Boston, Massachusetts and became restaurateurs.

Mollie was very accustomed to working hard. After high school, she attended Massachusetts General Hospital's nursing school and became a registered nurse. In 1944 she met a French sailor, **Pierre Canevet**, whose ship was destroyed and was being refitted in Boston. Pierre and Mollie married shortly afterwards. When Pierre's ship was completed, they repatriated to France. Pierre became a US citizen joined the US Army and became an electrician. Mollie became a US Army nurse serving in Fontainebleau. In 1950, Pierre passed away. Mollie remained in France with her children working as a civilian for 5 years. In late 1955,

she decided to return to the United States and moved to Harrisonburg, Virginia where they lived for 2 years.

In 1957, Mollie had the opportunity to interview for a position as head nurse at AMA. John described his mother's good fortune at being hired by Colonel Roller as a great deal.



She loved living in the infirmary with her children nearby, was given free schooling for John and Roger, and lived in a beautiful setting at Augusta Military Academy. Mollie happily became the school nurse and as Dr. William Painter did rounds and she was his right-hand support on campus. She lovingly attended to the cadets and was a huge part of their health care. Her sons agreed she was a very good mom and a good mother-image to the cadets. Mollie worked hard always striving to improve her knowledge. In the summer months she took classes at Eastern Mennonite College and completed her bachelor's degree.

Mollie retired at 65 from AMA and both she and Linda Livick are the only two women inducted into Ad Astra Society, founded by General Charles Roller, to recognize those who "put service before self". Mollie was always grateful for her life and opportunities at AMA.

Her son John's help and savings from the Army enabled her to buy a house in New Hope, Virginia. She loved being at home, reading and doing New York Times crossword puzzles, and she enjoyed her life in the country. She had 5 granddaughters and 2 grandsons. She lived with 2 granddaughters along with her son Roger and his wife Sharon. Mollie was lovingly known as Nana and she adored trips to visit Mona and her family in Costa Rica and John and his family in Michigan.

Mollie passed away on April 4, 2003 at Augusta Medical Center in Fishersville, Virginia. At a well-attended ceremony in the small village of Cameret, France, on a boat with 40 people, Mollie and Pierre's ashes were scattered together. They sailed away on the water, and their lives were celebrated surrounded by their loving families.

Over the years I've often heard Mollie's name mentioned in conversations; everyone remembers the school nurse. I'm honored to have learned and to share so much about her life and adventures.

**Cheers to another amazing
Woman of AMA.**

Remembering Mollie

Being a horrible student my first year in high school (7th grade), I found it disappointing that I had to spend the summer of 1966 at summer school. Yet, discovering I'd be two hours away from home in a boarding school was a little frightening..... AMA was non-military during the summer session. We lived only on the first stoop in big barracks. I got to know **Doc, Suarez (Prof), Hoover, Livick, Dekle, Hart** and of course **Mrs. Canavet (Mollie)**.

Things became a bit more "buttoned up" when the regular school year began...faculty and staff had more jobs to do and intense discipline became the norm. Friendly, relaxed, pleasant Molly became focused on the 400+ cadets, faculty and staff she cared for, not to mention her three children (two boys and a girl), and a plethora of cats.

There were shots to give, temperatures to take, meds to distribute and seizures to tend to. She worked in harmony with Dr. Painter, the local Physician and it soon became clear that Nurse Canavet was a seasoned professional, cool under pressure, experienced, responsible, effective and caring. She tolerated the antics from the population of youngsters aged 11- 20, but used her hairbrush efficiently and swiftly when necessary.

In mid-September one year, I was a sergeant and sent a naive new cadet to the Infirmary to ask Mollie for his "masturbation papers". He returned about 20 minutes later informing me Mrs. Canavet wanted me to visit her at the Infirmary. I knew what awaited me and decided she'd have to ask the OD to

come and get me ... I never went and she and I never spoke of my infraction !

The fall of 1969 was my junior year and during a football game against Greenbrier I threw a cross block during a kick-off return and took a knee to the small of my back. The pain was intense. I was assisted to the infirmary as I couldn't walk and was admitted for care under Molly's supervision. After two days and no improvement, Molly insisted on X-rays. the ambulance came and took me to Kings Daughters Hospital in Staunton for 5 or 6 bouts of X-ray It was soon determined I'd cracked two vertebrae in the small of my back. So, I spent three weeks laying on my right side in the infirmary, waiting for the bones to heal. Molly checked on me often and we became friends.

I saw the sweet caring side of her as well as her sense of humor. She was always quick to discover someone trying to get out of inspection or faking a disease.

As other faculty who resided on the school property, she was extremely dedicated to not only her profession but to us cadets (She was on-call 24/7). The balance of my junior year and during my senior year, I'd occasionally come to visit Mollie. She was a very special lady and a major part of the history of our Academy.

Garry Granger '71



Garry Granger
1969 RECALL

Jim Hash, '72, remembered his various encounters with Mollie:

[Editor's note: this is a VERY long story, but well worth the read. Be prepared to laugh heartily.]

In late November or early December, 1965, I was in the seventh grade and attending public school in Howard County, Maryland. I was taking seven subjects and by the end of the first semester, I was flunking six of them and had a D+ in the seventh, which happened to be Physical Education. I think I got the D+ for showing up, God knows it wasn't for my dedicated participation. My grades weren't the result of being a moron so much as I just didn't give a damn. It was, after all, the sixties, revolution and rebellion were in the air, and hey, as a newly anointed teenager, I wanted to make my mark in history. My Father had a different idea.

Dad told me that he wasn't going to force me to attend Augusta, but he was going to force me to go down and check out the school. If I decided that I wanted to go, he'd send me. Coming from Father, that seemed an incredibly fair proposition. At that point in my life, the financial implications of sending me to Augusta just to be kicked out a couple months later (no refund forthcoming) never occurred to me.



1966 Recall

In the fall of '65, Interstate 81 ended somewhere near Stephens City (I don't

See HASH , page 14



Etta "Mollie", Roger, John and Mona Canavet



Left: Mrs. Mollie Canevet displays her corsage presented her by the Alumni Board during the dedication ceremonies of the Alumni Infirmary in 1974.

The new infirmary for the 11-bed facility, treatment room and nurses' quarters and bathrooms was \$75,000, all of the cost being financed by the **Alumni Association**.

HASH, continued from page 13

remember anymore), and much of the trip to Augusta was spent following U.S. 11, winding through a seemingly endless string of dingy, un-noteable, mostly forgotten mill towns. And on that crisp, fall morning, little did I know that U.S. 11 and I were about to be seeing a lot of each other for the next seven years.

It was also the morning that I first met Etta Mollie Canevet.

As my Father's Cadillac crested the hill just past the Old Stone Church, I got my first glimpse of AMA, and remember thinking that it was, decidedly, the most foreboding place on the planet. Admittedly, I hadn't yet seen pictures of Auschwitz or, for that matter, my basic training camp at Fort Dix, N.J. Still, Augusta was a scary looking place to my 13-year old eyes. As far as I was concerned, all it needed was a tall fence and a few miles of Constantine wire and it could have been any state or federal prison.

My parents and I were met by Col. "Doc" Savedge. Had he so endeavored, Doc Savedge could probably have been a successful ice salesman in Antarctica. Clearly, this man could hand you a bucket of camel dung and before you walked away as the proud owner, have you convinced it smelled like Florida orange blossoms. He was (among so many other things) the consummate salesman. But I digress; this is about Mollie and me.

Doc had already introduced my parents and I to all the usual suspects: Livick, Wales, and crew and we were just coming down the steps of the library when, standing before us (in route to somewhere) was Mollie Canevet. Okay, I'll admit, no one that I know will ever suggest that Mollie Canevet was eye candy; no Angelina Jolie was she, but she gave me the biggest, warmest smile that I can ever remember being focused in my direction.

Now whether or not you guys will admit it, particularly for those of us who were junior school cadets, the idea of a warm, kindhearted, friendly face (particularly one that could have been your mother's) looked awfully comforting to me at the time, and I hadn't yet met Paul Hoover.

Doc introduced us and told us that Miss Canavet was a Registered Nurse and in charge of a fully equipped infirmary, almost as though she had a staff of medical personnel working for her. As she walked away, most of the big, red, warning flags that had been snapping sharply in the breeze since my arrival, drooped, and then fell from sight.

With the exception of three other instances,

that was the last time I ever saw Mollie smile. (As I was trying to organize my thoughts and knock the dust off some of my memories in preparation for writing this, an interesting revelation came to mind. In my seven years at Augusta, I don't remember ever seeing Mollie Canevet anywhere except in the infirmary. Maybe it's just been too long, but I really can't remember seeing her wandering about campus, on a mission or otherwise. So now, thinking back to that day when we met, I have to wonder why she happened to be passing in front of the library. She, quite possibly, was responsible for me agreeing to attend AMA. I'd be interested to know if anyone else has different recollections.)

I think it would be safe to say that most youngsters, certainly those in the age group attending school at AMA, were, for the most part, healthy individuals. Sure, we were all apt to catch a cold or flu, or have some typical sports injury, but all in all, we were generally a healthy group of kids. Unfortunately for me, in addition to those minor illnesses, I had a tendency to fall outside the above stated template.

I began my attendance at Augusta following the Christmas break [...] but didn't see Mollie until sometime later in the winter when I came down with the flu. I don't have many recollections of that encounter aside from the fact that the remarkably brilliant, beaming smile of our introduction had been replaced with the more dour, stern expression that I came to learn was more characteristic of the Mollie most of us remember. It was also my first introduction to Mollie's hairbrush.

The Hairbrush

That incident was the result of loud horseplay after being warned to quiet down. I might add that it was also my last encounter with the hairbrush; I'm a fairly quick learn once I understand the rules of the game.

First Encounter

The first of what was to be my usual, unusual medical needs occurred one Saturday in the spring of '66. I was one of the lucky junior cadets to reside in "The Annex."

For those who don't recall, the Annex was fundamentally the basement of Dean's Castle and comprised 6-person barracks rooms and a bathroom. I say "lucky" only in reference to the fact that those rooms were detached from the rest of the Junior School barracks and thus, under less scrutiny from the cadet officers and faculty. We could raise a lot of hell down there and not be noticed and, indeed, we took advantage of that. In truth, the Annex rooms were the tenements of Augusta's living quarters.

Still, the "independence" those rooms enjoyed

seemed somewhat a fair trade for the appalling conditions ... well, most of the time. Showering during the winter was, at the very least, unpleasant. I don't remember if there was a radiator in the bathroom or not, but if there was, it never worked.

On a more positive note, if you sustained some sort of injury while in one of the Annex rooms, you were just a few feet away from the infirmary. In fact, the average male, armed with nothing more than a six-pack of beer and a healthy prostate, could have urinated on the front porch of the infirmary (not to mention all those freakin' cats) from the rear windows of the Annex.

I don't know exactly what project precipitated the need to use a can of blue spray paint. That is, I don't remember if it was something I wanted to do or one of my roommates. In reality, it has no position of relevance what-so-ever. What is relevant is that fact that the can of blue spray paint in question was clogged and I had determined that I should be the one to fix it. As it turned out, it was not one of my more intelligent decisions.

As I'm sure most, if not all of you know, aerosol cans have two external parts that enable the discharge of the can's contents: the nozzle and stem. I removed and cleaned out the nozzle with some lighter fluid, a straight pin and a tooth pick, replaced it, but the can still would not spray. I again removed the nozzle and, bent over looking straight into the top of the can, I pushed the tooth pick down through the stem.

This, of course, opened the pressure valve beneath the stem and released a torrent of blue paint into my face.

Yes, it's true, at that age, common sense wasn't one of my greater attributes, but you have to give me credit for my tenacity.

Over the years of my life, I have heard all the urban legends that the human eye blinks at speeds that boggle the imagination: the speed of light, faster than sound (although I never hear a sonic boom when I blink), faster than a woman can change her mind. [...]

Whatever. What I do know is that my eyelids were not as fast as the paint that erupted from the can.

Without the benefit of the nozzle's resistive properties, the volume of paint being ejected through the stem was impressive. Blue paint covered me from the top of my forehead to my upper lip and from temple to temple.

Both eyes were filled with paint, though the left one was the worst. Since I couldn't see, a couple of my roommates handed me a towel and took me by the arms, half walking and half carrying me to the infirmary.

HASH, continued from page 14

Once inside, Mollie quickly and repeatedly flushed my eyes with some sort of eye wash. This process took a while because paint had gotten underneath both my upper and lower eyelids on both eyes. After the flush treatment, Mollie had me sit with my eyes closed while she meticulously cleaned all the paint from around my eyes and the rest of my face with fingernail polish remover, cotton balls and Q-tips.

After that she applied some sort of salve to my eyes and then bandaged them both. She allowed me to return to my room but under orders to keep the bandages on until she removed them.

The following day Mollie sent for me, and one of my roommates escorted me back to the infirmary. She removed the bandages and again flushed my eyes to remove the salve. Afterwards, she had me read the vision chart which I managed to do successfully, although the letters were a little blurry.

Proclaiming the disaster officially over, Mollie sent me on my way with some snide remark about avoiding any career choices that had anything to do with paint. At that point, I was inclined to agree with her.

While I realize now that any reasonably competent nurse would have taken more or less the same actions as Mollie did, at the time, I was so grateful that I could see again that she moved up a few notches on the *Jim Hash Scale of Good Folks*, despite my previous run-in with her hairbrush.

The rest of that school year ended uneventful except for the fact that I flunked the 7th grade.

But, as Col. Livick told my parents, I was so far behind the other seventh graders that repeating the grade only made sense. If I didn't, I just be struggling every year of my schooling. Looking back, it did, indeed, make a lot of sense.

I hadn't been home for a month that summer before I realized that I wanted to return to Augusta the following year. I missed my friends from school, but also, I was treated differently at home than I had been.

I was given a lot more freedom. I guess it was my parents' way of acknowledging the fact that I spent much of my time in a very restrictive environment, but perhaps they just noticed a little more self-discipline than I had demonstrated in the past. Whatever the reason, it worked for me.

The '66/'67 school year kicked off with me back in the Annex. I was pleased; even tenements grow on you.

Second Encounter

I managed to make it though most of that year without any traumatic medical crisis until sometime late in the spring.

Col. Livick had assembled the cadet corps in the Big Room for one of his town hall meetings.

I wish I could remember more of the details of Livick's address to us that day. [...] But here's what I do remember: Some upper school cadet burned his face with lighter fluid. He apparently was practicing the art of being a human blow torch when some of the ignited fluid splattered on his face. He wasn't badly burned as I recall, just a few small, round burns on his face. I think the cadet's name was Burt Cummings, but I could be WAY off course on that account. Ultimately, it doesn't much matter what the guy's name was. Col. Livick had him come up on the stage with him (a little public humiliation) for all to see, as a deterrent to any further acts of lunacy.

In my heart, I believe Col. Livick's well-meaning strategy was sound, except for his inclusion of the junior school cadets at the meeting.

You don't tell a bunch of very young kids (particularly boys) not to do something that they would probably never have thought of on their own. That's tantamount to a challenge.

Not only were junior school cadets physically segregated from the upper school, but they were also socially segregated as well. In fact, (and I could be wrong on this --- it has been 38 years since I was in junior school) but I don't think we were even allowed to go into the upper school barracks.

So the odds that any of the junior cadets would have heard about the incident were pretty slim. I feel quite certain that on any of my afternoon walks to the Fort, I would never have said to myself: "Self, when you get back to your room why don't you fill your mouth with lighter fluid, hold a lit match two or three inches from your lips, and then forcefully spit the fluid out creating a five foot flame." I'm sorry, but I just can't believe that would have ever popped into my brain of its own volition.

I mean, it's kind of like lighting farts. Just who the hell would ever think to hold a flame to their rectum and cut a screamer, without first having prior knowledge about the explosive results?

So, within a few days of Col. Livick's meeting, at least three or four junior cadets that I knew were hard at work perfecting their puff-the-magic-dragon techniques; and I was one of them.

On the Friday night before review week prior to final exams, it had been several weeks since

Col. Livick had dragged poor Burt Cummings out on the stage for his public cerebral scourging.

I had gotten quite good with the fire-breathing trick to the point that I was pursuing more artistic displays by rotating my head in various directions so that the flame would make an assortment of shapes — circles, zigzags, etc.

I had been attempting a horizontal circle (by spinning my body around in a 360) but always ran out of fluid before the rotation was complete.

Obviously, there were two ways to eliminate the problem: either turn faster or, use more fluid. I tried to rotate faster, but found that I couldn't manage that without falling on my face. It appeared that ballet wasn't one of my strong points. So, it came down to adding more fluid.

The first attempt (with my mouth completely filled with lighter fluid) was a masterful success. It was so good that several of my roommates demanded an encore. Wanting to be a crowd pleaser and reap the accolades of my newly-found talent, I filled 'er up with high-test one more time.

Perhaps it was the excitement of the moment, or maybe the fact that I had been spitting flames for twenty to thirty minutes, or maybe it was just fate, I'll never know, but I ran out of steam (so to speak) near the end of the rotation.

By that, I mean to say that I didn't have enough air pressure left in my lungs to expel the remaining fluid in my mouth. This gave the flame the opportunity to work its way back to my face.

At the moment that I realized what was happening, I believe I had an intimate glimpse into what must have crossed the mind of George A. Custer when it finally occurred to him that he was about to have his butt kicked, not so much by several thousand seriously pissed-off Indians, but by his own stupidity and arrogance.



1967 RECALL

Within an instant, much of my face was engulfed by flames. Terrified that the flames would ignite the residual fluid inside my mouth, I concentrated on spitting and sputtering out as much of the remaining fluid/saliva mixture that I could.

To my dismay, I managed only to get it to drool out, whereon, it immediately ignited, setting the underside of my chin and part of my neck on fire. The situation was clearly going from bad to worse.

One of my roommates jumped up and began slapping at the flames, which, looking back, probably only served to spread the flames to

See HASH, page 16

HASH, continued from page 15

other previously disaffected areas but also to further damage the melting flesh.

Finally, another roommate had the good sense to completely smother the flames with a pillow. While I'm not sure who exactly it was, I believe it was Dallas Baldwin.

[...]

With the flames extinguished, but still in a mild state of shock (psychologically more than physiologically), the expected pain was not evident. However, I didn't have to wait very long.

Within a minute, I was in serious agony. Worse, I was too afraid of the repercussions and condemnation from Mollie and the school administrators (specifically Livick) to seek any form of help.

Wanting only relief from the pain, I went to the bathroom and plunged my face into a sink filled with cold water. It was instant gratification, but I soon found that I had two problems with which to contend.

First, I could only hold my breath for so long before I had to come up for air; I longed for a set of gills. I really could have used a snorkel.

The second problem was that the longer my face remained submerged, the warmer the water got. For every degree the water temperature warmed, the degree of pain increased exponentially. This meant I was draining and refilling the sink every five to ten minutes.

There was actually a third problem, but that didn't become evident until after the first thirty minutes or so. My legs were getting tired and the small of my back began hurting from being bent over the sink for such a long period of time. One of my roommates brought a chair to me but it was too low for me to comfortably keep my face submerged.

So, there I was at roughly midnight playing submarine. The light bulb in the bathroom was burned out, so the only light I had was from a dim bulb that illuminated the hallway in front of the rooms. It was probably just as well, because I undoubtedly would have felt even worse had I been able to look into the mirror above the sink.

Roughly six or so hours (I don't remember exactly when reveille was on Saturdays) after I began the process of keeping my face in cold water, I heard the first scratchy sounds of the needle about to play reveille on those old beat-up records.

By then, the small of my back was in nearly as much pain as my face. My predicament was fairly well broadcast to all residents of the Annex once the guys started coming in to use the urinals.

So by the time the formation on the blacktop actually began to assemble, the cadet officers were aware of my situation.

While I don't know for sure who it was, I believe it was then cadet LT Bruce Orenstein that came to my rescue.

I talked to Bruce on the phone recently about this incident and he couldn't remember if he was the officer that took me to the infirmary or not. I suppose it doesn't really matter. And as Bruce said to me, if someone else remembers the details, they'll probably let me know.

As I entered the infirmary, the trepidation I was feeling was nearly as bad as the pain. I felt certain that I was going to catch hell from Mollie over this one. I was wrong. But what I did get from Mollie was somehow worse than what I expected.

I can tell you that Mollie (like myself) was not a morning person. You just didn't want to get her worked up first thing in the morning, and that was part of my apprehension.

But what I saw in Mollie's eyes and her expression when she first saw me, was a lot scarier than her fury. It was concern on a major league level, as if I had walked in with a gunshot wound to the chest.

Mollie wasted no time in ushering me into the treatment room. I remember her first treating the burns with some kind of disinfectant and then covering them with (I was later to learn) a Vaseline-based antibacterial ointment that she applied very liberally with a tongue depressor.

The entire time she was working on me, she was constantly reassuring me and trying her very best to comfort me. None of her biting sarcasm reared its head.

She then called Dr. Painter — Augusta's on-call physician. Once Dr. Painter had examined me, the decision was made for me to be transferred to the hospital. By now it was midmorning and I wasn't to go to the hospital until late in the afternoon. I don't know what the wait was for, maybe a bed space issue at the hospital; I've no idea. So, I was allowed to leave the infirmary.

The pain had receded significantly from the level I had experienced while bent over the bathroom sink. That, in itself, was a major relief. However, it gave me time to examine the results of my night's work in the mirror.

Good grief, was I ever a mess. I looked like something from a Wes Craven horror film. The ointment Molly had put on the burns made them look even worse than they were, and that was bad enough. My eye brows and lashes were gone along with much of the hair on the sides of my head, not that any of us had very much to start with. There were a few small round burns on my forehead and a large, nasty looking one across the bridge of my nose. It was south from there that things got bad. My

lips, cheeks, chin and neck were a grotesque mess.

Depression started to settle in. I sat on the edge of my bed and considered crying, but didn't see any benefit in that when suddenly it occurred to me that is was the day of the junior school dance which was scheduled to begin in a few hours.

The dance was to be held in the mess hall. Most of the junior school cadets that I knew (guys in the 7th grade) had no intention of attending. It was a testosterone thing. We were old enough to know what hot babes looked like and the imported, flat-chested, twelve year olds from the local community, just didn't cut it, particularly considering that they came with almost as many chaperons as there were girls.

The diabolical, demented side of me took over. What the hell, I thought, I might as well have some fun with my new appearance.

I think the dance began around 1400 hours or so, but I gave it a little while to get warmed up and then made my appearance.

I know, I'm bad, but I just couldn't stop myself. I probably asked a dozen different girls for a dance and was turned down by everyone and that included girls that no guy in his right mind would have asked to dance.

Finally, I asked one young girl who immediately began to cry, so I just walked away and sat down in one of the chairs.

But the damage was already done and one of the AMA faculty members came over and (in so many words) politely suggested that I go outside and watch the grass grow.

I arrived at King's Daughters Hospital in Staunton around 5 or 6 that afternoon. Don Studer recently informed me that King's Daughters Hospital no longer exists. That's too bad. It was the best hospital I was ever in.

My parents showed up at the hospital the next day and, of course, as soon as my Mother walked in she immediately broke into tears. My Father, on the other hand, gave me one of his famous looks that silently asked: "How did I manage to raise such an idiot?"

I won't spend time describing my stay in the hospital other than to mention that on two occasions during my 7-day stay, Mollie called me just to ask how I was feeling. I didn't expect that.

Again, Mollie moved up a few more notches on the *Jim Hash Scale of Good Folks*.

I remember that Col. Livick came to see me and also Doc Savedge. Doc assured me that I would not have to face my final exams as soon as I was released and that all my teachers were going to get all the review

HASH, continued from page 16

material to me and provide me with plenty of time to study before I would be tested.

Best of all, Col. Livick didn't drag me out in front of the cadet corps as he did with Burt Cummings. It might have been a random act of kindness; but then, maybe he just figured that his tactic didn't work before, so why bother. Who knows.

When school ended that year, it was the worst summer of my youth. I wasn't allowed out in the sun between the hours of 1000 and 1800 unless I wore an absurd hat with a huge brim that kept the sunlight off my face. That lasted for three months! It was the first and only time in my life that I longed for winter.

In retrospect, I was extremely fortunate. As my Mother points out whenever the subject comes up in conversation, both the doctors at the hospital in Staunton, as well as the doctor that saw me several times in Maryland, predicted that there would be at least some permanent scarring.

But by the end of a year, there was very little evidence of the burns aside from a faint line that ran just from the side of my left nostril, in an arc, down to my jawbone. Amazingly, even that faded away within a few years.

My 8th grade year at Augusta ('67/'68) was a banner year for me. Not only did my grades continue to improve, but I got through the year without incurring any physical damage, bizarre or otherwise.



1968 RECALL

I wish I could make the same claim for the following year.

In the fall of 1968, life was good. My classes were going well, and I had met Torrey Noel, a Stuart Hall girl, who soon became my first

"true love". Yep, everything was just peachy. I should have known life was just setting me up.

Now compared to the face burning ordeal, what happened was profoundly minor, at least in a physical sense, but psychologically speaking, it was quite a trauma for me.

On the other hand, it did elicit the first real smile from Mollie Canevet that I had seen since the day we met.

At the tender age of 15, my body was humming along just the way it should. I was no athlete, indeed, I had no use for sports at all, and still don't.

Still, I was young, agile and all my body's processes were working just the way God planned it. So it came as a bit of a shock to

me when, quite unexpectedly, one of the processes malfunctioned.

I don't know how long I sat on the throne that afternoon, but it was more than an hour. And by the time I had finished, I knew several things.

I knew, for instance, that I NEVER wanted to be bound up like that again. Ever. I also knew that I had injured myself in a way that I had never experienced and that it was excruciatingly painful.

I also knew that there was something protruding from me that should not have been there. And that was the manifest problem.

You have to understand that while I had heard the term hemorrhoid often enough, I had absolutely no idea what one was or where one was likely to occur. It could very well have been an ailment found in the middle-ear for all I knew. In these days, with a daily bombardment of male-erectile dysfunction pills and feminine hygiene products on television, Americans are rather coarsened towards traditionally intimate products.

But in 1968, a hemorrhoid commercial would have been something very close to blasphemy. So, bottom dollar, I was clueless. So clueless, in fact, that I believed that I had pushed out some part of my intestines, and I was sincerely frightened.

I somehow managed to waddle my way from the second floor of Big Barracks down to the infirmary. And believe me, it was a painful journey.

Pushing my way through a bunch of arrogant cats, I stepped into the lobby (waiting room) of the infirmary. Depressingly, I saw that Mollie was with a cadet in the treatment room and two others were sitting on that long, pale green bench, waiting.

So I located a comfortable looking section of wall space and leaned my back against it; sitting on a hard bench (in fact, sitting at all) was absolutely not in the equation.

When Mollie called me into her treatment room, I was so embarrassed that I was at (believe it or not) a total loss for words.

After stammering for a while, I finally just blurted out, "I hurt my butt."

That generated Mollie's first smile during my visit. Through her grin, she replied "All right, Hash, let me take a look."

I've often heard women complain about the indignities they suffer when visiting their OB/GYN doctors. It is not my intention to dismiss or marginalize their discomfort in any way, as I'm sure that many, if not most, women find the event an assault on their modesty. I just want to point out that women don't have a monopoly on modesty.

So when Mollie instructed me to drop my trousers and underwear, bend over, reach back and spread my cheeks. My level of emotional discomfort reached heights I had never even imagined. I'd put that ordeal up with a set of stirrups any day.

To my great relief, the examination only took about 30 seconds. "Well, Hash," Mollie said, "Congratulations, you gave yourself one doozy of a hemorrhoid."

That's when I heard her start to laugh. When I asked her why she was laughing she said that she was fairly certain that I'd given her another "first", in as much that I was the first 15 year old she'd seen with a hemorrhoid.

She added that the paint in the eyes had been another "first". It wasn't much of a comfort for me that she was keeping score.

I was pleased that she took the time to explain what a hemorrhoid was, how they were caused, and even drew out a little picture of a vein with a bubble sticking out of the side of it.

Most of all, I was VERY relieved to know that my intestines were not involved in any way. I had visions of surgery and all sorts of unpleasant medical procedures.

The imagination of a 15 year old has no bounds.

Mollie gave me some ointment to put on the affected area and some other general instructions and then added that I might want to sleep on my belly for a while, as if I wouldn't have been able to figure that one out on my own.

Thinking back on it all now, there was one good thing that came out of my hemorrhoid experience: it prepared me emotionally for my next and final disaster that Mollie saw me through.

It all began on a Sunday in my 10th grade year, just before one of our parades. The Stuart Hall bus had arrived a bit early that day which gave Torrey and I time to seclude ourselves away in a classroom in Dean's Castle that I had found carelessly unlocked.

In the heat of our necking, I kept putting off ending things despite the fact that I needed to go to my room and change for parade. I put it off until I only had about 15 minutes before formation and then finally broke away and ran to my room.

My roommate, at the time, was Mike Bruder.



1970 RECALL

HASH, continued from page 17

He was one of the nicest guys you'd ever want to know, but sometimes acted as though he was a brick or two shy of a full load. One of the things I admired about him was his absolute inability to get excited or agitated about anything. Nothing seemed to rattle him. As tightly wound as I am, it was a comfort to me.

Like me, Mike had no interest what-so-ever in sports. In fact, Mike was the ultimate barracks rat. He didn't go anywhere that I can remember.

I seem to recall trying to get him hooked-up with a Stuart Hall girl, but he didn't indicate any enthusiasm for that either.

I had missed turning in my laundry the previous week, so I didn't have any clean undies. Eh, it happened occasionally.

Mike, ever the considerate roomie, offered me a pair of his underwear, but I declined. I was fairly certain that the pant material was thick enough that nothing would show through.

Besides, we were good friends, but not quite that good. So I broke out my last pair of white ducks, pried them open and shoved my legs through.

I had just gotten my belt and shirt on when (as it always seems to happen when you're in a hurry), nature called.

I flew down to the bathroom at Mach 3 and slid to a halt in front of the first urinal. It was after I had finished, that my world began to unravel.

I needn't remind any of you of the amount of heat, pressure and starch that was used on our white ducks, nor the stiffness of the brass zippers they had.

On my first attempt to zip up my pants, the zipper didn't budge. So, I yanked harder, but it still wouldn't move.

Finally, I pulled on it as hard as I could and much to my relief, up the zipper went. It was about that time that I felt a fairly intense burning sensation and, looking down, I noticed approximately a 1/16 inch of flesh showing through the teeth of the zipper for several inches.

I stopped breathing.

At first, I couldn't believe my eyes.

The sight of my condition was actually worse than the pain I felt, that is, until I tried to lower the zipper. That really got my attention. I made one or two more attempts to lower the zipper, but lacked the intestinal fortitude to pull the zipper down as hard as I pulled it up.

I knew I was going to need help on this one. So I started making my way back to my room, holding on to the front of my pants to minimize movement.

Just as I reached my door, Mike started coming through it, rifle in hand, headed to formation. I told him not to go yet as I needed some help.

At first I thought he was going to ignore my request, but seeing the panic in my eyes and not knowing exactly what was wrong, he reluctantly turned around and followed me back into the room.

When I explained what had happened, Mike was aghast, but hells-bells, so was I.

Making it clear to Mike that there was no way I could pull down that zipper by myself, he resigned himself to the task. I pleaded with him to make sure he pulled it completely down at one time and he promised me a good ol' college try.

Considering that neither of us were in college, it was a little less than reassuring.

Mike grabbed the top of my trousers in one hand, the zipper in the other, and then yanked.

To his credit, he did manage to pull the zipper down about 3/4 of the way and also had the good sense to immediately back away from me just in the outside chance I reacted, well, let's just say, strongly. I didn't, of course, but I still lauded his forethought, even if it was motivated by self preservation.

Bringing the zipper down as far as it was, caused enough intense pain that it made sense to me to finish the job while my body was still sending those delightful little signals to my brain.

I grasped the zipper and opened it the rest of the way.

Now that the zipper's teeth were no longer filling all the little holes they had punched in me, the blood began to flow in earnest.

Mike tossed me a clean wash cloth.

So, there I was, stretched out on my bed holding a wash cloth around my wounded (mortally?) member.

First Call had already sounded. The pain levels were dropping, but it still hurt pretty bad and just as Mike was reaching for his white gloves and rifle, I asked him if he had anything I could put on the wound that would ease the pain.

Mike quickly started rummaging through his wall locker, and eventually held up a small elongated box. When I asked what it was, he said he had no idea, that it was just part of a bunch of stuff his folks had given him but that the box said it was for muscle pain.

Well, my penis wasn't a muscle (too bad!) but it was in pain. Mike tossed me the box and ran out the door to make formation. As he was

leaving he said he'd let the company know that I had, um, cut myself and wouldn't be making the formation.

Good ol' Mike.

Since neither Mike nor I had any interest in sports, it came as no surprise to me that we didn't know what Ben-Gay was.

I know now.

Much as I tried, I couldn't wipe that stuff off fast enough. At first, I was furious with Mike, but realized that the tube of ointment had not been used before and, in any case, it was most unlikely that Mike would have done such a thing considering the gravity of my injury.

Since the bleeding wouldn't stop, I realized that it was, sadly, Mollie time.

When I got to the infirmary, Mollie was upstairs, so I had to call to her. When she appeared a few minutes later, she didn't seem to be in any particularly foul mood and that gave me a morsel of hope.

Having survived the indignities of the hemorrhoid fiasco, I had few, if any, inhibitions of dropping my trousers for her again.

When Mollie saw my member wrapped in a white wash cloth (that was slowly turning red) secured by a rubber band, she gave me a odd look that was a cross between concern and amusement.

I was sitting on the edge of a treatment table when Mollie removed the wash cloth and examined the damage. She was sort of stooped down in front of me when she raised her eyes and gazed up at me from above her glasses.

Her eyes were like laser beams drilling into mine. I will never forget the deadly seriousness with which she stared into my eyes and uttered words that shook the very foundation of my soul: "Hash, you do realize this is going to require stitches."

Holy Mother of God, I thought I'd pass out. I was mortified beyond description. I could feel my body wanting to go in about ten different directions at the same time, but was too paralyzed with unadulterated terror to move an inch.

I'm certain that had I had a pistol, I would have just put it to my head, pulled the trigger, and gotten the whole thing over with.

The very thought of Mollie having her way on my penis with a suturing needle was a horror too great for me to contemplate.

I don't know how long our eyes were locked, it seemed an eternity, but then ever so subtley at first, the comers of Mollie's lips began to stretch outward and the beginnings of a

See HASH, page 19

HASH, continued from page 18

smile began to take shape.

Then it was as though a dam had broken and she began to laugh, and laugh like I had never heard her do before.

What a sight it was, Molly in near uncontrolled laughter and me with my perforated penis completely dumbfounded.

After a few moments, Mollie seemed to get a hold of herself long enough to look me in the eyes once again and, still grinning from ear to ear, said simply: "Gottcha", then began laughing all over again.

For just a split second, I thought I was going to get mad, but seeing her in total, almost adolescent joy that was so completely uncharacteristic of Mollie Canevet, teetering on the point absurdity, I began to laugh with her, probably as much in relief as at the near insanity of the moment.

Once we had both regained our composure, Mollie went about her nurse duties and used butterfly band aids to cover the wound. Then she wrapped me up with gauze. She handed me some supplies so that I could change the dressing regularly and let me know that I could leave.

About the time that I reached the front door, Mollie called to me. When I turned to face her, she was standing in the doorway of the treatment room.

"Hash, right now, you have a whole bunch of little holes in you, but the holes are separated by very narrow pieces of skin. Should those sections of skin tear for any reason, you will not have a bunch of little holes, but one very big hole, and that will require stitches. Do yourself a favor, and stay away from girls for a while."

The message was very clear, although all together unnecessary. For the first time in my teenage life, sex wasn't on my mind.

I thanked Mollie and headed back to the barracks. As I passed the back corner of the mess hall next to the barracks, I could see the cadet corps was just beginning to leave the parade field.

So I decided to go up to my room and wait for the formation to be dismissed before going down to face my girlfriend and somehow explain my absence from the parade.

That was the last of the major medical crises that Mollie and I journeyed together. Somehow, I managed to get through my last 2 years at AMA without further incident. My reprieve couldn't have come too soon.

I returned to Augusta sometime between February, 1976, and before the school

closed in January, 1984.

I just can't, for the life of me, pin it down to a more specific time. In fact, about the only thing I can remember about the entire visit was my meeting with Mollie.

I had driven past the gym and Hoover Hall and was just rounding the back corner of the junior barracks, when I noticed that the infirmary was gone.

That was a bit disconcerting until I noticed a new brick building just across the way from the PX. I wasn't sure it was the infirmary until I espied the pack of mangy cats loitering out front. It just had to be.



1972 RECALL

So, I pulled up in the parking lot, got out of my car and stepped inside. Despite the fact that I had never been in the building before, it somehow felt like I was going home.

When I first walked in, Mollie was talking to some cadet, but then turned and noticed me. There was a couple seconds delay before she recognized me, but then her face lit up with a smile like the day we met.

She walked up and gave me a hug (which I certainly wasn't expecting) and then took me by the arm to a couple of chairs and we sat down together.

There was a flurry of questions about what I had been doing since I graduated, interspersed with a variety of small talk. We laughed about some of my old injuries and about some of the other crazy things that happened at school when I was there.

She was about to give me a tour of her new facility (of which she seemed somewhat proud) when some cadet came in with an injured foot.

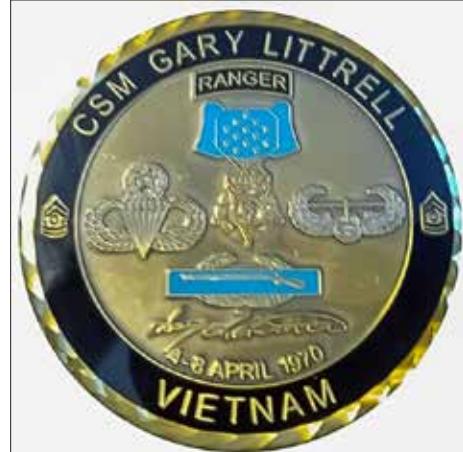
Realizing that she needed to tend to her job, I bid her farewell and took my leave. As I drove through the front gate and turned onto U.S. 11, I was still smiling.

It was the last time I saw Mollie smile. It was the last time I saw Mollie.

Etta Mollie Canevet died on 28 March 2003.

Of her, I will always think kindly.

Jim Hash
27 April 2005



Ed Rogerville received an outstanding gift from CSM Gary Littrell, guest speaker at Augusta Military Academy's Reunion 2019.



FRIENDS OF AMA abound in the valley. A few days before the reunion, John Toney, graduate of Fishburne Military School, stopped by to enjoy his lunch on the museum porch and just see who he might run into.

AMA Museum hosts Honoring Our Heroes

The Augusta Military Academy Museum is proud to host the Greater Augusta Regional Chamber of Commerce in hosting a luncheon in the gym to honor local men and women.

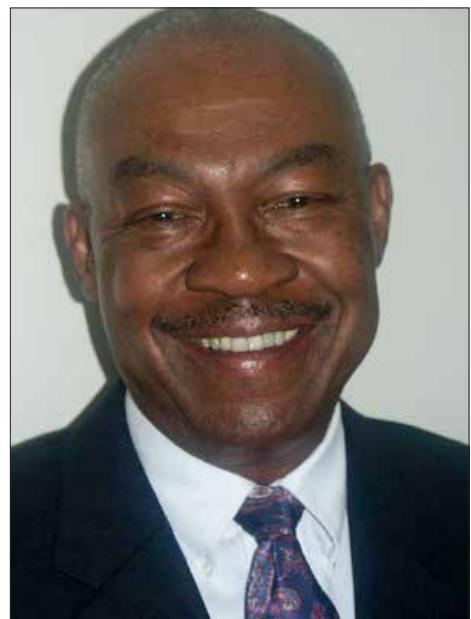
The museum is requesting the assistance of any and all alumni living within travel distance to assist with this event. Below is a portion of their full announcement and invitation.

Complete information may be found at the chamber website:

<https://www.augustava.com/events/details/honoring-our-heroes-1677>

A special time dedicated to honoring those who have put their lives at risk in order to preserve the safety of our community. Through this event, local businesses and the community can share their thanks with all area responders for their sacrifice of service.

Our keynote speaker is Robert Gest III, Ed.D. Dr. Robert Gest III is the retired (2002) Deputy Director of the Federal Executive Institute (FEI), a senior civilian professional/executive development institute, in Charlottesville, Virginia. After a short stint as a teacher, Dr. Gest entered the United States Air Force in November 1959 as a basic trainee. He later attended Officer Training School and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in May 1960. Over the next thirty years, he rose through the officer ranks to the grade of Colonel. Dr. Gest was assigned to many military bases all over the world and his principal assignments were in Personnel and Administration, interspersed with those of Inspector General and Deputy Base Commander. He retired from active duty in July 1989.



FaceBook notes:

FaceBook is widely used by our alumni to connect with classmates with news, memories, and happenings in our lives.

We encourage all of our Bayonet readers to join each group:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/AugustaMilitaryAcademy/>

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/819548758105031/>

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/19704901495/>

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/800196073414984/>

These groups have been created and are maintained individually and privately by alumni and anything posted on them does not represent the views, opinions, or news of the AMA Alumni Foundation or AMA Alumni Association.

<https://www.facebook.com/AugustaMilitary/> (Augusta Military Academy Museum) is the official page representing the AMA Foundation, and is maintained by the Foundation's Board of Directors.

AMA Digital Resources

Did you know there is a plethora of articles and documents about AMA on our website:

<https://www.AMAalumni.org>

- Articles chronicling the history of AMA and its founder C.S. Roller
- Bayonets, from 1945 through 2019 and 1908 through 1912
- An index to Bayonets from 1995 through 2017
- School catalogs from 1880 through 1916.
- A complete collection of all known AMA videos
- A link to our gallery website containing photos of reunions from 1997 through 2019, 37 of our Recalls, and featured Alumnus Clement Yore, all hosted by SmugMug:

<https://galleries.amaalumni.org/>

Once in A Lifetime Opportunity

By Brett Thompson, '75

Joining the National Federation of Independent Business (NFIB) was in my mind, a way to keep up with Federal and State legislation as well as some good discounts for services we use. I had no clue what would come my way only a few months later.

The phone rang, the caller ID said NFIB. As I was answering, I wondered what else they might want but it was much different.

They liked a response I made in a questionnaire about health insurance and wondered if I would be willing to go to the White House to support **President Trump** as he unveiled his new approach to health care, specifically, Health Reimbursement Arrangements (HRA). “Integrating HRAs with individual market plans was prohibited by the Obama Administration, who said the practice violated the prohibition on annual caps on benefits. Fines of \$100/employee/day began in 2015.”

Once I fully understood HRA’s, I didn’t hesitate to say yes! I was told the White House would be calling

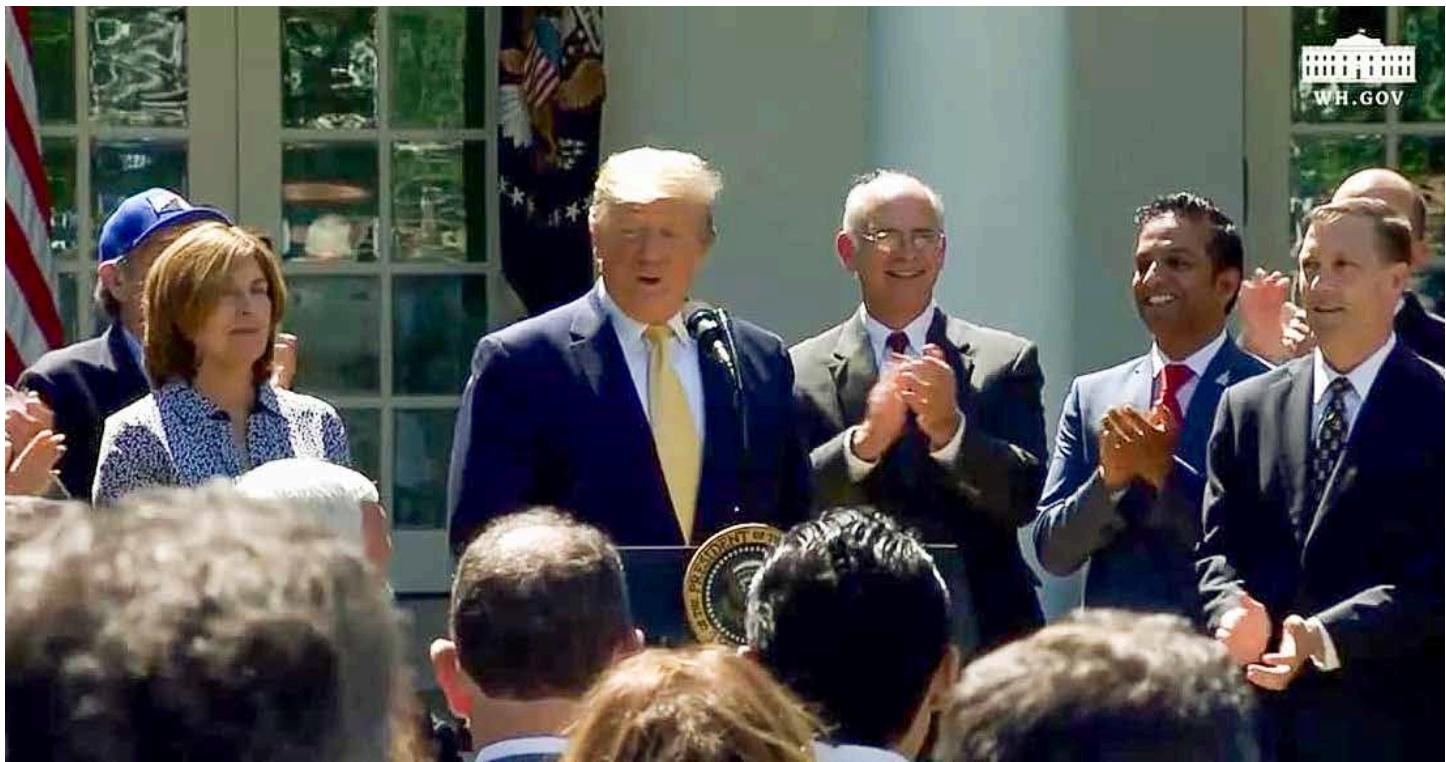


me the next day if I made it through their initial process of choosing people to attend this speech in the Rose Garden.

The morning of June 12th I spent out with a crew and then did a few estimates. I returned to the office and was on the phone with a customer when my cell phone rang with a 202 area code. I assumed it might be the White House, so I ended the call with the customer to answer. It was a very nice lady, **Rebecca Heilig**, Office of Public Liaison asking me to attend the speech and that I was chosen to stand on the stage with the President. She said I should already have an invitation sent by email, so I quickly woke up my computer and there it was! This was real! We talked briefly, never once feeling rushed and when I hung up, I just sat there in my chair, trying to take it all in. An array of emotion and feeling proud.

I don’t wear suits very often. My first thought was, does my only suit fit? I left the office to go home and try on the suit. The coat fit but what about the pants? With excitement and some apprehension, I put on

See Thompson, page 22



Brett Thompson, '76, stood on the Rose Garden Platform with President Trump during an announcement by the president of his new initiative called Health Reimbursement Arrangements (HRA)

THOMPSON, continued from page 21

the pants. I was in luck, they fit! Now, grab my shirt, my suit and take off to the cleaners at 3:30 pm, showing them my invitation and begged them to have this ready by the next day. He asked, "Will 4:00 pm work?" Well of course!

The day before I was to leave was basically just another day with some bragging wherever I went. Nothing partisan, I would have gone to the White House no matter who the President was. I was proud to have this opportunity and was grateful those I told didn't have anything negative to say.



That night I was a bit restless when I went to bed and I woke earlier than usual, wondering what to say to the President, what I was going to be doing and so thankful I just got my hair cut just a few days ago. I went to work and got things answered for the crews before they left, took care of some loose ends and went home to change so I could leave early enough in case there were traffic issues between my home and Washington, DC, a normal 3 hour drive. It took me 3 ½ hours and I arrived with plenty of time to spare.

Arriving around 12:30 pm, I found the parking garage NFIB told me to go to and went to their office. I met **Jessica Cooper**, Grassroots Director; **Joe Hirabayashi** and **Jon Kurrie**, VP Federal Government Relations. **Kevin Kuhlman**, Senior Director, Federal Government Relations was not able to be there although he was my point of contact from day one. I can't say enough about the people I met at NFIB. Everyone was friendly and willing to assist in anyway they could.

NFIB had lunch there for the four of us who were the members chosen to attend. We sat and talked among each other, waiting for the time to make the 15-minute walk to the White House.

The time went by quickly. Jon came in to let us know we should get going, walking on a cool June day to the White House was not what I had planned for June 14, 2019, also the Presidents birthday! Arriving at the Southeast Gate at 15th St., we waited until they barricade was moved.

Walking about 75 yards, our first stop was an ID check that had to match what they had from the forms we had to fill out two days prior. We walked on to another check point where they checked our ID's one more time. On to empty our pockets and the metal detector and now, after going through the maze, we headed to the Rose Garden where I was to find Rebecca.

Rebecca wrote in an email she would be easy to find with red curly hair. I went to where she was and was told to stand to the left of the stage in the shade until everyone was there. We were also told not to leave her sight. Once all those going on the stage were assembled we were put in order, taken to the stage and told to be in that exact spot when we came back.

Waiting till about 3:20 pm, we talked to each other, joked a bit trying to get some of the nervousness out. Now we got our cue and the butterflies really came in as I stepped onto the stage, right next to the path the President would take as he came onto the stage. All of a sudden, over my right shoulder, there was the President of The United States, walking toward me to take his place at the podium. The crowd was small, and the clapping continued. Quietly you could hear the start of happy birthday and soon, everyone was singing to him since it was, his birthday. He thanked us and started his speech.

President Trump gave about a 15-minute speech and when he was finished, he took the time to greet each of us



on the stage and thanked us individually. I was impressed with how he treated us as equals. Never once being in a hurry or letting go of a hand too quickly. When he came to me, he looked me in the eyes as he was shaking my hand and put his left hand on my shoulder.

With sincere conviction he said, thank you! When he finished with us, he walked back toward the White House, applauded everyone there, and disappeared inside. We thought it was over, but VP Pence came onto the stage to greet everyone of us, just as the president had done. He didn't have to do that, but he took the time to let us know he was happy that we took the time to come to the White House to support this important change in health insurance.

Without question, this event was a big highlight in my life and a day I will always remember with great pride.



John Plashal Photo all rights reserved

Stories of an Abandoned Virginia

Historian and photographer John Plashal will be presenting his "Stories of an Abandoned Virginia" in front of the barracks. Brief details are below, and complete details can be found at the link at the bottom of this page. Costs range from \$35 to \$85.

In support of this association, and in honor of the cadets, I will be conducting my "Stories of an Abandoned Virginia" program on the grounds of this former Academy. This outdoor storytelling session will begin as darkness falls and is a visually stunning and emotionally powerful presentation about beautifully abandoned places throughout Virginia, including houses, churches, schools and hospitals, and the people that once occupied them. In addition to the presentation, dinner will be provided, a tour of the museum will be conducted and we will all have an opportunity to meet several alumni who will entertain us with stories from the past and educate us about the history of the Academy and the "AMA Way".

ADDITIONALLY, YOU WILL BE GRANTED EXCLUSIVE AND TEMPORARY ACCESS TO THE COURTYARD OF THE BIG BARRACKS. This beautiful, three-story structure has been slowly decaying since its closure in 1984 and access to the courtyard has historically been highly restricted. A small number of tickets will also be sold to drone pilots and photographers who wish to document the Big Barracks prior to the beginning of the main event, and in the absence of crowds. NOTE: ACCESS WILL BE RESTRICTED TO THE COURTYARD OF THE BARRACKS ONLY. FOOT TRAFFIC ON THE 2ND AND 3RD FLOORS AND THE DORM ROOMS IS NOT PERMITTED.

Proceeds will be donated to the Augusta Military Academy Alumni Association.

Itinerary:

2:00 - 2:45PM - Drone Pilot Access to Exterior of Big Barracks
2:45 - 4:25PM - Individual Drone Pilot Access to Big Barracks Courtyard *
4:25 - 5:40PM - Dual Photographer Access to Big Barracks Courtyard **
5:00-5:40PM - VIP Session with John Plashal
5:15-5:40 - General Admission Guest Arrival and Registration
5:40-7:30PM - Tours of AMA Museum and Big Barracks Courtyard (15 people per group)
6:00 - 7:45PM - Outdoor Dinner & Raffle
7:45- 8:10PM - Introduction to Alumni & The AMA Way
8:15 - 9:45 - "Stories of an Abandoned Virginia" - John Plashal

* Only 5 total tickets will be sold to Drone Pilots. You will have collective access to fly around the exterior of the Big Barracks from 2-2:45PM. You will then be provided individual 20 minute access to the courtyard of the Big Barracks for some interior proximity flying.

Complete information including restrictions and conditions and ticket information for this event may be found at the following website:

<https://www.eventbrite.com/e/augusta-military-academy-tour-stories-of-an-abandoned-virginia-tickets-61982530417?aff=>

Date And Time

Sat, September 21, 2019

5:00 PM – 9:45 PM EDT

Alumni volunteers are needed to conduct tours of the barracks. If you are available to assist, contact Neil at the museum.

NOTE: FOR SAFETY PURPOSES, WHILE WITHIN THE BIG BARRACKS, YOU MAY NOT SET FOOT OUTSIDE OF THE COURTYARD. You will have 20 minutes by yourself to fly and take pics. I will contact each of the 5 registered pilots to coordinate logistics and discuss lighting as we approach the date of the event. One of the ticket types for this event is available if you only intend to fly and shoot. There is an additional ticket available if you plan to stay for dinner and the presentation in the evening.

** The Photographer Pass yields access to the courtyard of the Big Barracks for 2 photographers to enter at a time for 15 minute slots. Foot traffic will be restricted to the courtyard only. Access to the dorms and the upper floors is not permitted.

AMA Legacy Scholarship

Our 2019 AMA Legacy Scholarship goes to a repeat winner, **Everett S. Lee**. Everett received a Legacy Scholarship from us last year.

Everett is the Grandson of **Kong Y. Chin**, Class of 1963.

Everett graduated this past December as Magna Cum Laude from Virginia Commonwealth University with a degree in Biology and a minor in Chemistry.

He did that while being involved in the VCU Pre-Health Acceleration Program and while being a Muscular Dystrophy Association Counselor and being a Teacher's assistant in General Chemistry where he was responsible for tutoring other students & causing an increase in test scores.

He was the Delta Epsilon Mu Professional Pre-Health Fraternity treasurer. He was a member of the VCU Health Brigade raising awareness of prevalent diseases in the community & providing resources for the general public. He is a Richmond Emergency Room Volunteer. He is a Carver Promise representative where he tutors & mentors youth from low-income schools. He is an emissary of Youth Inspire where he helps to raise money for the pediatric center at the Children's Hospital of Richmond.

Somehow he finds time to play soccer & strum his guitar.



Medal of Honor recipient Gary Littrell awards Everett Lee his scholarship during Friday evening's banquet

Everett S. Lee



Everett Lee credits his Grandfather, **Kong Y. Chin**, '63, with instilling in him a sense of giving back to the community & persisting in any endeavor he chooses regardless of the obstacles placed in front of him.

Everett will be attending the University of Kentucky, College of Dentistry. He would also like to work in the National Health Service Corps after dental school & be stationed in regions across the USA that need more attention to their oral health.

Ben Zinkhan Scholarship

Zoe Geddie



Phil Bentley, '83, presented Zoe's scholarship. Zoe was not able to attend Friday night's ceremony because she was taking final exams .

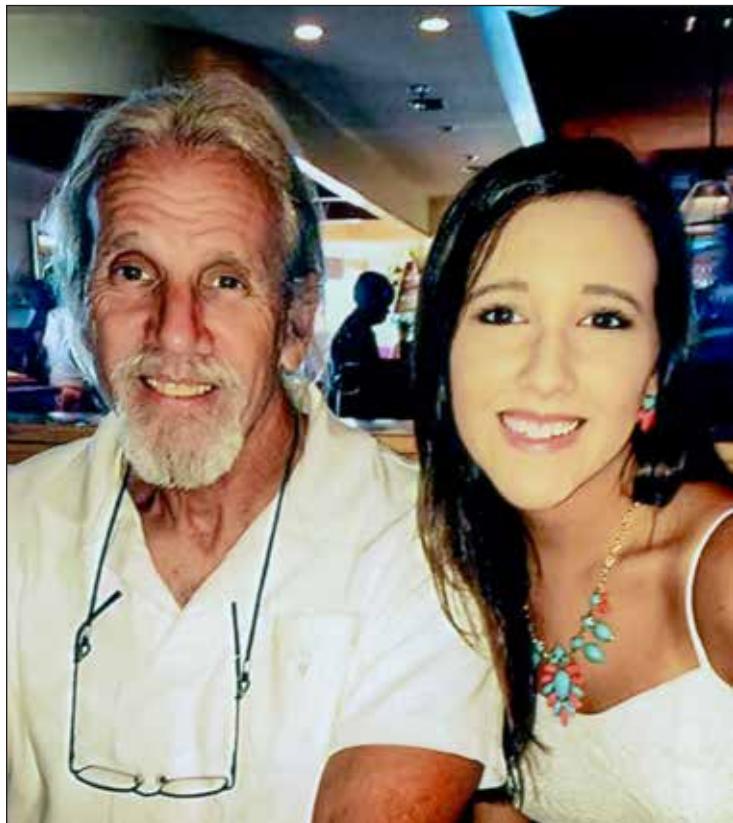
Our first recipient of the Ben Zinkhan Scholarship is **Zoe Geddie**. She is the daughter of **Frank J. Geddie**, Class of 1974.

She is currently attending Francis Marion University in South Carolina & looking to earn her Bachelor's degree in Elementary Education.

She has maintained a 4.0 GPA and remains on the Dean's List & the President's List while working 30 hours per week at the Carolina Bank.

She has volunteered at the Geddie-Cole Center since 2013, assisting in meal preparation & service. She volunteers for the Special Olympics & is a participant of the Teaching Children of Poverty Scholars in which they discuss and devise ways to impact future students that come from poverty.

Her peers are always impressed by Zoe's work ethic, professionalism and passion for her responsibilities.



Zoe Geddie credits her dad **Frank Geddie**, '74, with instilling in her an attitude of "can do" & "never give up". He credits his teachers & sergeants at AMA for developing him into the man he is today.

**Orchid Bowl Champions
Virginia State Football Champions**

**Sports Hall of Fame
2019 Inductee**



AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY SQUAD - From left to right, front row, Parker, assistant manager; Hushebeck back; Carmichael, back; Ramsey, end; Sykes, guard; Devereaux, center; Captain Jordan, tackle; Mohler, guard; Harris, tackle; Grove, end; Johns, back; Tyrrell, back; Ruther, manager. Second row, Bales, assistant coach; Belins, back; Bowers, tackle; Philhower, tackle; Hamlin, tackle; Winston, center; Bones, end; Jones, back; Noble, end; Allen, back; Aldeberg, back; Coach Chapman. Third row, Volpe, back; Heppner, back; Moon, guard; Deane, end; Hitchens, guard; Turner, center; Gregory, guard.



Meb Turner, '49, and his wife **Iva** attended the reunion. Meb accepted the Sports Hall of Fame award on behalf of the 1948 Football team.

In accepting the award for the 1948 Football team, **Meb** remarked, "I appreciate this honor a great deal ... Those were the three most memorable years of my life. And to be able to come back and see where everything has been kept like it was at that time in 48 and 49. It a great honor and thank you so much for having the spirit and interest in supporting these activities of the Alumni Association."

Meb was the team center and carried the number 3 on his jersey, that year and his face is circled in the photo above.



Augusta	6	Washington & Lee J. V.	7
Augusta	0	Georgetown Freshman	13
Augusta	12	V. P. I. J. V.	13
Augusta	67	Hargrave	0
Augusta	12	Fork Union	8
Augusta	12	Greenbrier	6
Augusta	25	Massanutton	7
Augusta	13	West Va. Freshman	0
Augusta	60	Fishburne	0
Augusta	27	McCallie (Orchid Bowl)	13

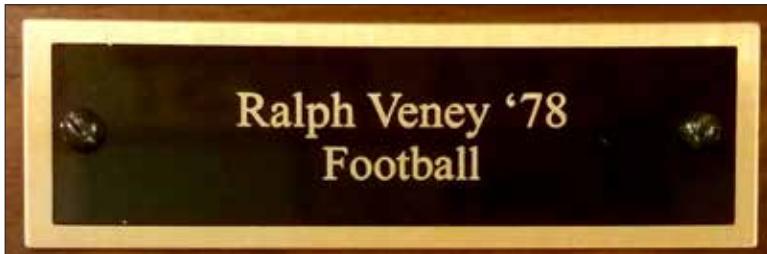
"Concluding an unbeaten prep season with a rout of Fishburne in the annual "Turkey Day" classic, the cadets looked forward to the first annual Orchid Bowl game at Chattanooga Tenn. Their opponent in this post season classic was to me McCallie School of Chattanooga and the boys from Tennessee boasted a record that was marred by but one defeat. Coming through with the championship form they displayed all year the Augustans won 27-13."
~ 1948 RECALL



Dave Cooper congratulates **Meb Turner** for the accomplishments of the 1948 football team.

2019 Sports Hall of Fame

Ralph Veney, '78

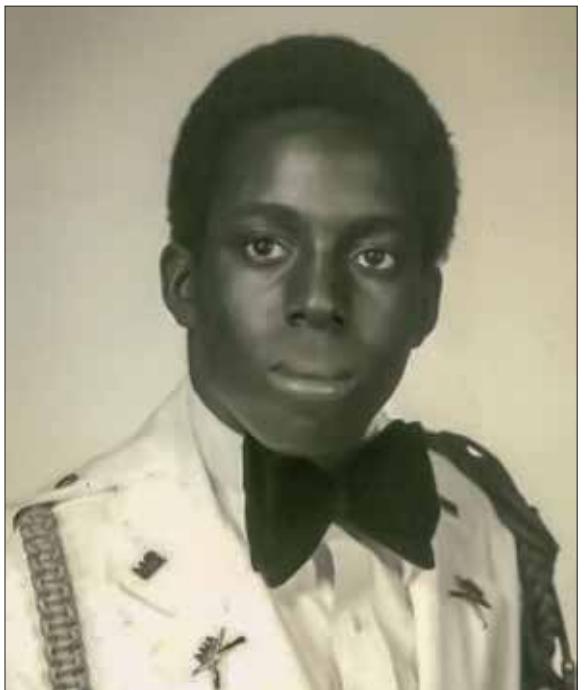


Ralph Veney was a cadet at AMA for his senior year of High School. He attended AMA from 1977-1978 and graduated in 1978. In addition to working in the kitchen as a dishwasher after each meal to help pay his way, he played in the band, carried the banner for the Roller Rifles, and was an assistant manager for the basketball team.

Ralph was the starting running back on the football team. He started and played the entire game for most of season. He was the right tailback, the safety on defense, returner on the punt receiving team and kick-off return team, and was Leading Rusher and Outstanding Offensive Player.

"During the end of season awards banquet, Coach Joe Stephenson made an inspiring speech about hard work and determination. I had no idea he was going to call my name as the Most Valuable offensive player until he said, just before calling my name, that the award was going to the person who was most inspirational to "us little guys". He then called my name and presented me with the trophy. To have him inspire me was the real story. It erased any doubt I had in my mind as to what I could accomplish in life. I learned more about the importance of teamwork and the importance of a strong work ethic and determination. Whenever faced with the least bit of doubt or insecurity as an Army soldier or Department of the Army Civilian, I often reflect back on those days and the sound of Coach Joe's voice, only second to God, to get me to reach for the stars and gain the victory."

Ralph could not be at reunion due to a previously scheduled trip. His son, **Josh**, accepted his award for him, paraphrasing, "My father was given to excel on and off the field at AMA. So the values that you have gave him are the same values that he taught me and my brother and by extension has led my family and I to where we are now."



Ralph Meredith Veney' 78, was a "quiet" cadet, dedicating himself to working hard to gain the trust and confidence of the Coaching Staff, his fellow teammates and classmates. Ralph had to make many sacrifices to come to AMA, as his family was not financially able to support his desires to attend. COL Livick personally approved his acceptance allowing Ralph to work daily in the Mess Hall, receiving pay washing dishes. He was a very good cadet and student athlete who earned the respect of the administration, teachers and fellow cadets!! Ralph went on to earn an Associates Degree in General Studies from Northern Virginia Community College and a Bachelors Degree in Business Management from the University of Phoenix!



Left: 1978 Football team, Ralph's number was 35.

Below: 1978 Basketball team; Ralph was team manager.





Neil Fitzgerald, Museum Director

Reunion Thank You's

With the memories of the 2019 reunion of the Augusta Military Academy still fresh in our minds, plans are already underway for 2020!

I realized with it being my first time in planning an event like this that it was going to be a challenge, and that I'd have to learn to fly by the seat of my britches. I did learn

the ins-and-outs, sometimes by trial and error ... what to do, what not to do, and have taken to heart the suggestions and recommendations our alumni has for next year's celebration.

I'm so proud of the outstanding job that others did to help, in numerous ways! I especially want to thank **Don Studer** for coming in a few weeks prior to the reunion and helping with any task that arose. **Victor** and **Evelyn Gomez** helped by stuffing our welcome bags.

I'd also like to thank **Sue and Brian Hart** for manning the registration desk daily. It was a pleasure meeting you folks.

The efforts of **B.J. d'Orsay** in helping with last minute details and reminders of all the events that needed to be set-up; he acted as my sounding-board and was there for whatever task asked of him. Plus, B.J. came a few weeks ahead of time and I learned many things from his past experience.

My goals, in any situation, are to always pay attention, be on my game, learn from my mistakes, and try and get to the root of any conflict...which nine times out of ten, stems from miscommunication from one or both parties.

Doug and Trudy Pennock were stellar performers and their help was much appreciated. I am so excited about next year's reunion and am working on a lot of new future things for next year. I am sure we can make this year's coming more of a success as we are looking at other avenues that we can take.

Friday night's dinner at the Frontier Heritage Museum would not have been possible without the help of **Garry and Becky Granger**. Thank you.

My goal is to have our event at establishments that want us there and would help us in any way they could.

I also would like to take the time to thank **George Reaves** for his help as well. He was always asking to lend a hand and did so often, thank you.

Mid Valley Press, who prints the *Bayonet* and our other printing needs, generously donated \$100 to cover the cost of our registration signage during the reunion.

Last but not least, **Steve Trent** and **Ed Rogerville** for your support, your help and willingness to run errands and look over some of the trials and errors that we had even though I felt everything

seem to run smoothly.

I am excited and moving forward to the reunion 2020 and striving for better opportunities for a more memorable event as we get nearer. I am so excited about working with different ones to see if venturing with other vendor's could make our reunion an even bigger success.

I've been in contact with some other proprietors and business's that are excited about the possibility of courting AMA and getting our business.

So with other possible avenues to make YOUR reunion exceed expectations, I hope to see each and everyone one of you at the 2020 reunion!

May God richly bless you with good health and lots of happy times. Until we see each other again...

Yours Truly,

Neil Fitzgerald

Volunteers are where it's at!

A big AMA shout out to:

Charles Pascale, '69, for finding the museum a "new to us" DELL computer & monitor at no cost to the museum as well as providing technical support. He's been a pleasure to work with and a dedicated Alumni. He also volunteers as docent at the museum at least once a month. *"Thanks for looking out for AMA, Charlie!"*



Kristin Lowing
Volunteer Coordinator

Don Studer was a huge help, giving the museum his full attention for a month and a half. For a newbie like myself I was honored to work and learn from someone with 50 years of experience and knowledge of AMA. *"I enjoyed having him around. Thanks, Don."*

Brian Miller for becoming a new AMA docent last month. We look forward to having you around. *"Thank you for being a part of keeping AMA alive."*

Make time this summer, fellas, to volunteer at the museum. You all are what make this place so neat and each of you have such a great story to tell. Do your part and share your side of AMA with the rest of us.

Call me at the museum (540-248-3007) or email me at volunteers@AMAalumni.org today and schedule your weekend to volunteer.

Museum Update ...

Neil Fitzgerald

Whew!

Let me take a breather for a moment and give everyone an update on the Memorial Day event we had here at the Augusta Military Academy Museum and Gift Shoppe.

I appreciate those that came to visit me at the museum here at AMA at the Memorial Day event that was held here that Monday. We had several comments on the job well done and an outpouring of not just alumni but community involvement.

I'm so excited to announce that I had seven tours and thirty-four visitors that day!

I also want to share with you some of the comments that visitors were expressing.

Jim Belcher commented on the Memorial Day celebration at the museum: "I want to thank you, Neil, for the great food and Dolly Parton entertainment! It was a wonderful event, my wife **Sandi Floyd Belcher's** first visit to the museum, and the other guests there had a fantastic time. **B.J. d'Orsay**, thanks for the heads up on the hot dogs! It was well worth the drive from Waynesboro, VA."



I am also working with PBS on time slots for advertising. **Ivette Churney** Account Executive for PBS is helping us get an ad that will not cost us a whole lot since we are a non-profit museum.

I am just so excited about these events and the upcoming events we will have coming up this summer and Fall.

We are having an "Abandoned in Virginia" event in October. See page 23 for details. In August, we are hosting "Honoring our Heroes" See page 20 for details.



Shirley Phillips and Hanna Phillips visited the museum. Shirley is a server at Armstrong's restaurant in Verona, and comes into contact with many AMA alumni.



Thomas Stevens and wife Mary are some of the many locals who have begun to explore AMA's rich history by visiting our museum, drawn by our new Rt. 11 highway sign.



Steve Rudolph, another local visitor "Thank you, Neil Fitzgerald, for the information today. It was an excellent experience, and it was great to see you, and I will come back."



PICKLES ... just one of the many locally produced products available now at the Gift Shoppe



Gracie and John Painter enjoy hot dogs during the Museum's Memorial Day event.



WHSV TV3 Augusta County Bureau Reporter, Hannah Hall interviews AMA Museum curator Morgan Littick

On June 6th, we were so hyped to have a grand-opening that **Morgan Liddick**, museum curator, has worked tirelessly preparing and have received so much positive response! On that Thursday, **WHSV TV3** from Harrisonburg was on hand to do a human-interest story

about the new exhibit and museum. The local radio station did spots promoting AMA.

Delegate Steve Landes was not able to attend the June 6th D-Day event, but he did visit the museum the next day.

Thursday Evening mixer at the Ironwood Country Club



Stride Coleman, Blaine Clarke,
Howard and Ruth Rosenthal



Art Hurme



Morgan Liddick, Ed Click, George Reaves, Turner Ramey



Don Studer and Sherri Langford



Garry Granger, Luis Iglesias, Gordon Metz



Richard Lassiter



Victor Gomez and Turner Ramey



Gary Cripps and Steve Trent

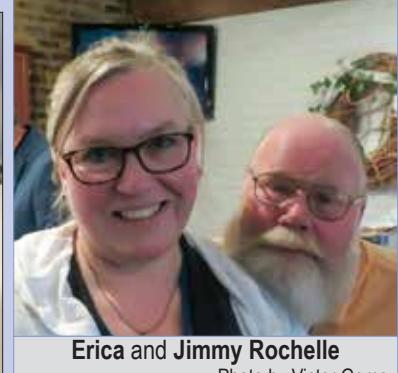
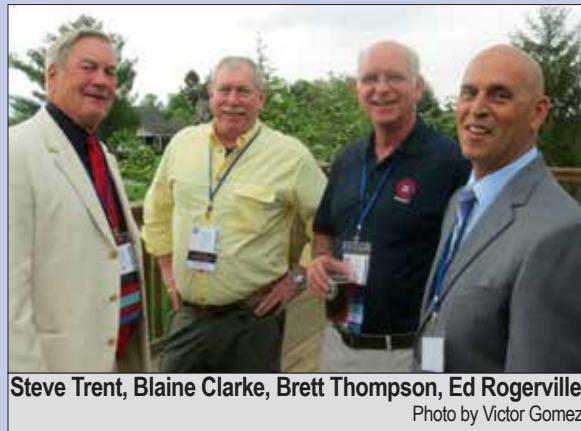


Photo by Victor Gomez



Steve Trent, Blaine Clarke, Brett Thompson, Ed Rogerville
Photo by Victor Gomez



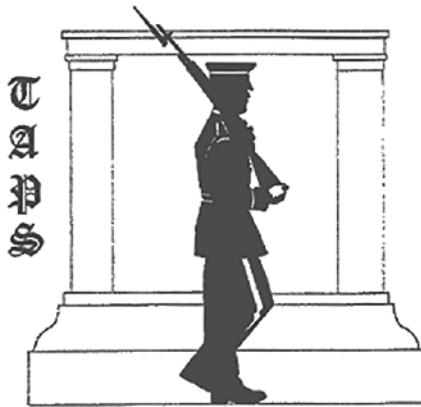
Don Studer, George Reaves, Sherri Langford,
Crysta Stephenson (Former Director of AMA's Museum), and Brenda and Gordon Metz
Photo by Victor Gomez



The Thursday evening mixer is the best time to simply visit and reconnect with the brotherhood, and have a good time. Make sure you don't miss it next year.

Left: Facing the camera: Jim Palmershein, Gary Littrell, Tom Del Valle, David Cooper. Backs to camera: Brett Thompson, Ed Rogerville.

Photo by Victor Gomez



Please report deaths and illnesses of AMA Alumni, Faculty and Friends to the
AMA Museum
P. O. Box 101
Fort Defiance, VA 24437
540-248-3007
Museum@AMAlumni.org

William (Bill) Blades Robinson, '35 (1916-2011)

"Robby", as he was known while at AMA, was a two year cadet who participated in Football and swimming and was a member of the Monogram Club. He finished his tenure at AMA as a Corporal in "C" Company.

Joseph Andicko, '43

Joseph Andicko passed away March 18, 2019 at the age of 93 in Boynton, Florida. Joseph attended AMA two years, graduating as a private in "B" company



David Wallace, '48

David was born on October 29, 1930 and passed away on Sunday, March 10, 2019.

David was a resident of West Virginia at the time of passing.



A graduate of West Virginia University Dave remained a life-long fan and ardent supporter of The Mountaineers. The 1948 RECALL describes David as "*one of the finest golfers and best dancers ever to attend this school.*"

Clinton Bales, Jr., '52

Clint Bales, a former instructor and coach at AMA) passed away on November 26, 2018 in his home surrounded by family. He made it to his 96th birthday on November 21.



His only problem was his heart was getting very old which caused other problems regarding fluid around the lungs. I'm sure if they gave heart transplants to 96 year olds, he'd still be around. His mind was sharp, but his heart wouldn't keep up.

At AMA he taught English, Latin and History, and coached Varsity Football, Swimming and Tennis.

Paul Jerome Wildman, '57

Paul Jerome "Jerry" Wildman, '57, spent four years at AMA. He participated in basketball, swimming, tennis, decorating, Roller Rifles, YMCA Cabinet, cheerleader, Methodist Youth Group, Bayonet, Cotillion Club and the Rifle team. Jerry was also a researcher for the modern day Bayonet, spending countless hours looking for lost alumni and digging up stories. You can find references to his Bayonet contributions in the Bayonet Index, available online.

Hugh Harmon, '58

J. Hugh Harmon, 78, of Salisbury, Maryland passed peacefully in the company of family on March 25, 2019. He was born on June 13, 1940 in Baltimore, Maryland to the late Jacob Horace Harmon and the late Ida Carey Moore Truitt. He was the



husband of Kathleen Sabo Harmon.

Hugh graduated from the Augusta Military Academy in Ford Defiance, Virginia in 1958 and inducted into the Ad astra Per aspera Honor Society. He also graduated with his Master's Degree from the University of Maryland. Hugh held many positions throughout his life but retired as the Tourism Director for Loudoun County, Virginia. During his time as Executive Director, he was a strong supporter of and worked to protect Balls Bluff Battlefield, a Civil War battlefield in Leesburg, Virginia. A historical outline of the battlefield written by Eugene Scheel in October of 2001 noted:

"Horatio Trundle, who lived near Ball's Bluff at Exeter, campaigned for the battlefield's preservation in the late 1930s, but nothing came of his pleas. Only in October 1981 did a second effort begin, after a developer bought the site's surrounding 475 acres. For days, Hugh Harmon, then Loudoun's tourism director, paraded around Leesburg and up to Ball's Bluff in a Union uniform. The attention he got from the media aroused politicians, and, thus, the Northern Virginia Park Authority bought 78 acres of the battlefield in 1984. Subsequent purchases by the authority and Town of Leesburg have increased the park's size to more than 200 acres."

--<http://www.loudounhistory.org/history/loudoun-cw-balls-bluff>

He was proud to receive his private pilot's license in 1991 at the age of 51. His family fondly remembers how proud Hugh was of owning his own plane and taking to the skies over Virginia and Delmarva. In his younger days, he was a member of the Washington Blue Rifles Black Powder Shooting Team of Fort Shenandoah, Virginia and enjoyed spending time with his loving dogs and cats.

Hugh is survived by his wife, Kathleen Sabo Harmon, of Salisbury, MD; sons, Jeffrey Hugh Harmon, of North Carolina, James Daniel (Erlinda Butz) Harmon, of North Carolina; grandson, Daniel James Butz; special cousin, Charlton Pruitt; many cousins, and cats, Holi Roller and T.C. He is preceded

in death by his cat, Mr. Spook; dogs, Taco; and English Mastiffs, Miss Daisey and Miss Peaches.

A Memorial and Scattering of Ashes took place on Saturday, April 27, 2019 at 4:00PM on the steps to The Bowl in front of Big Barracks at Augusta Military Academy in Virginia. Hugh's remains will also be laid to rest at Bishopville Cemetery in Bishopville, Maryland in a private ceremony.

Hugh was a 7 year cadet at AMA. He graduated as a second year captain

Thomas Skinner Brothers, '60

Thomas Brothers, 77, died on April 4, 2019 after a long illness. Born to the late Reginald Edward and Lucy Kittrell Brothers on April 16, 1941, he died in the home where he was reared.



He was also predeceased by his older brother Reginald, Jr. Tom attended public schools in Suffolk and graduated from Suffolk High School where he was Co-Captain of the Red Raiders football team his senior year.

After attending Augusta Military Academy for a year where he played football, baseball and was in the Cotillion Club and on the Honor Committee, he went to Virginia Military Institute. Soon he returned to Suffolk to join his father in Reginald E. Brothers Co. He was married for 57 years to his high school sweet heart, Betsy, whose loving care made it possible for his last days to be spent at home.

Tom was a hardworking man who, in spite of his strong work ethic, was always ready to enjoy a joke- especially his old favorites- or a meal with friends in Suffolk or Nags Head. So many of these friends he had known his whole life. For years he and Betsy hosted a Christmas party for children where Tom was the Spirit of Christmas dressed as Santa, a funny Santa. As long as health permitted, he enjoyed tending a garden and then helping Betsy with pickling and canning.

Tom was a lifelong member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church where he was Baptized on Pearl Harbor Day on

December 7, 1941 and later served on the Vestry. He frequently cooked for church functions. At the Shrove Tuesday Pancake Supper, he often cooked his own homemade sausage, smoked in his backyard smokehouse.

Tom was a member of Suffolk Elks Lodge #685.

He is survived by his beloved wife Betsy and his precious daughter Elizabeth Brothers Dolan of Suffolk and his dear granddaughter Elizabeth Bartlett Dolan of Washington, DC. Also surviving are his sister Joan Kittrell Vinson and her husband Robert of Wichita Falls, TX, and Nags Head; and his special nieces and nephews Rob, Loring, Kit, Luelen, Joe, Jim, Katrine, Lee, Tina and Thad. Tom is also survived by his devoted little dog Lucy.

Aleksander Bergmann, '61

Alek passed away June 27, 2018. He was a two year day student at AMA. Even through poor health, he enjoyed reading the Bayonet, as did his wife Linda, who was desk clerk at the Holiday Inn from 2003 - 2013. She says, "checking in guests for each reunion was always a pleasure and the highlight of the year."



While at AMA, Alek played Football, basketball, baseball and ran track. The 1961 **RECALL** describes Alek as "*open, friendly, and generous. Alex carries his convictions with him wherever he goes, and his generosity stamps him as a real person.*"

Wayne Scott Vincent '73

Wayne Scott Vincent passed away peacefully on March 22, 2019. Beloved Son of Florence Elaine Shock and Step-son of Douglas H. Shock. Beloved brother of Robin Kay Vincent and Rebekah Joan DeLibro. He loved life and lived it



fully. Wayne loved traveling, photography, music; sports, he was a great cook and had many friends who loved him. He loved family and treasured them in his heart. We love him and will miss his sense of humor and beautiful smile Wayne believed that Jesus loved him and died for his sins, He is with Jesus and his Heavenly Father celebrating with many loved ones. In lieu of flowers, please donate to fight cancer- <https://believebig.org>.

Wayne was a three year cadet, and graduated as Captain of Band Company. While at AMA, Wayne participated in JV Soccer, Soccer, Fencing, Lacrosse, and The Bayonet. He was on the Honor Roll all three years, Best New Cadet in 1970, and a member of the Quill and Scroll.

Alumni Census

1646 alumni and friends are on our active list.

1506 of these receive the printed Bayonet. 125 have selected to read the Bayonet online saving printing costs for the organization.

4894 are deceased or presumed to be deceased because of their probable age.

6459 alumni are listed with a status unknown, meaning we don't know if they are dead or alive, or where they live or how to get in touch with them.

These 6459 are missing out on reunions, facebook, brotherhood, everything!



Larry Nicholson is belatedly inducted into AMA's Sports Hall Of Fame by Ed Rogerville

Larry Nicholson formally inducted into AMA Sports Hall of Fame

Larry Nicholson was voted into the SHOF in 2015 but has not been able to attend a reunion since before that due to his service responsibilities.

Larry spent four years at AMA, where he was active in JV Football, Varsity Football, Fencing, JV Basketball, JV Lacrosse, and Varsity Lacrosse.

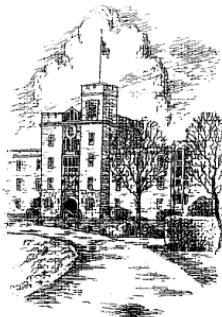
Good in all sports , Larry excelled in Lacrosse being high scorer for the year in 1975.



BEST ATHLETE. Larry Nicholson receives his award from Col. Jim Hogg with a smile and a warm handshake.



Larry and Debbie Nicholson during Friday evening's festivities at the Frontier Culture Museum



Larry Nicholson (far right) reminds Joe Gary and Jim Mitchell exactly why he excelled at lacrosse, even after all these years.

Photo by Howard Rosenthal



The golfers **Paul Poluito, '73, Howard Rosenthal, '68, Jack Schwarzmann, '63, Gary Cripps, '71, and David Conrad**, son of **David Conrad, '59**, fought through the rain on Friday to enjoy a good round of golf. Howard Rosenthal won the honor of keeping Walter, our golf trophy for a year. coveted prize. But there was just one problem, Walter could not be located, so Howard got a frame-able version this year.

Photos by Ruth Rosenthal.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of Walter, please contact the museum.

The golfers raised about \$300 for the reunion. The more men (or women) play, the more money they will raise. It's for a good cause, and they want more people to play next year. If you're a golfer, this is a great opportunity to have a lot of fun, beat Howard, and raise a few bucks for AMA.



This year's clay killers were **Phil Bentley, '83, Jimmy Rochelle, '67, Stride Coleman, '72, Blaine Clarke, '72, Rick Ellett, '72, and Mike Payne, '76.** Blaine finished first, Phil got second, and Stride came in third. Photo from Mike Payne's camera.

AMA Raffle



Joe Garry accepts the pistol after having his name drawn for that raffle item. The only problem was that Joe said he had intended to enter the raffle for the saber, and really did not want the pistol. So he graciously gave the pistol back to the Foundation, and we added his ticket to the drawing for the saber. Photo by Victor Gomez.



Sherri Langford, daughter of **Ben Zinkhan**, is presented with the saber she won during the raffle. She plans to add a plaque commemorating Ben and proudly display it in her home. Photo by Victor Gomez.

Other raffle winners were **Sergio Fernandez**, who won the cruise, and **Ed Click**, who won the First Class American Airline Tickets.

Ed was not in attendance, but it only took minutes for him to learn that **Erica Rochelle** had drawn his name.

Sergio registered for the reunion but had to cancel his travel plans at the last minute. But he and **Lillian** were watching the drawing on the live FaceBook video feed and immediately texted me to make sure he really did win.

The raffle raised about \$4,300 this year, due mostly to the very high quality of the four items. Thanks go out to **Tom Dal Valle** and **Jorge Rovirosa** for their time, effort, and generosity in procuring these items.



Phil Bentley presents **Stride Coleman** with his trophy for third place finish. Photo by Ruth Rosenthal



Friday's bus trip was to the National D-Day Memorial in Bedford. The trip was arranged by **Frank Williamson**, who was not able to attend this year's reunion due to a prior commitment that weekend. So **Gordon Metz** drove the van. The group enjoyed the tour and had lunch at Liberty Station. Frank donated several copies of the book, ***The Bedford Boys***. **Steve Trent** presented Gordon with a copy of the book. Photo by Victor Gomez



George Reaves, '69, presented **Steve Trent**, '70, with a framed photo of Hillary Clinton and another of the last three Democratic presidents, **Jimmy Carter #39**, **Bill Clinton #42**, and **Barack Obama #44**. Steve promptly donned his MAGA hat. Photo by Ruth Rosenthal

Silent Auction

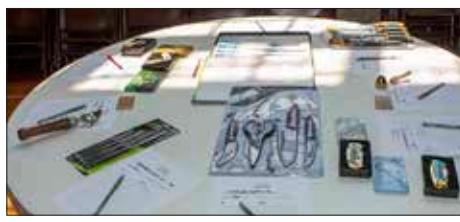


The 2019 silent auction was once again a huge success. In addition to the high value items previously offered on the silent auction site prior to the reunion, our Women of AMA contributed 6 gift baskets. Thanks go out to **Shelby Rogerville** for organizing this effort.



Additionally, three tables of items were contributed to the auction by reunion attendees.

The baskets brought in \$320 and the other silent auction items brought in \$3,850 to help defray the cost of holding the reunion.



Next year ...
Begin your basket
plans now.

Hint: Dark chocolate
and red wine pair
together well.

Friday evening at the Frontier Culture Museum



Bernice Walker, Brett Thompson, and Becky McWilliams



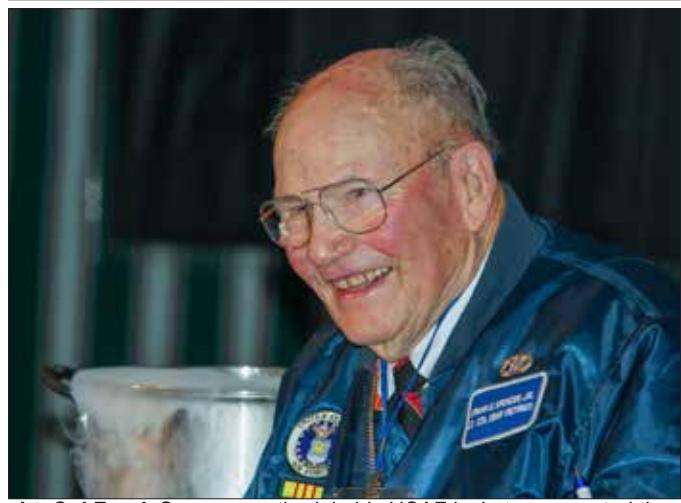
Bruce Hemp (back to camera), Gary Littrell, Tom Del Valle, Larry and Debbie Nicholson, and Gary Palmershein



Kathy Harmon (right)
and friend Lynne Sorrentino



Mike Payne and Jim Crawford



Lt Col Frank Spencer, retired, in his USAF jacket represented the Air Force during the grog ceremony.



Foundation Trustee Gary Morrison enjoyed visiting with cadets from Mary Baldwin University's VWIL color guard.



Norvell West, the last cadet to walk the stage and receive an AMA Diploma, brought his family to the Friday Evening banquet to hear guest speaker Gary Littrell. Top-left, Norvell's mother JoAnn; and Norvell's daughters top-right, Erin; bottom-left, Izzy; bottom-right, Carrolline.



Mal Jr. and Linda Livick

President's Coins

Every year Association President **Steve Trent** shows his appreciation to those who have made significant contributions during the year. These are un-circulated Liberty Silver Dollars. Four received this tribute this year, three alumni and one alumnus spouse.



Trudy Pennock, wife of Doug Pennock, receives a coin from Association president **Steve Trent** for her assistance in organizing this year's reunion.



Tom Del Valle receives his coin from **Steve Trent**.

"Tom has done an outstanding job getting guest speakers in here and really kicking it up a notch."



Steve Trent presents a coin to **Ed Rogerville**. "Ed and I spent countless hours on the telephone. And also drove a lot of miles driving back and forth to AMA attempting to figure out the next phase ... I want to thank you, it's been a pleasure working with you. give this to you in my recognition of a job well done."

Brian and **Sue Hart** receive a coin from **Steve Trent** for their continued assistance manning the registration table each year at our reunion.
"Thank you both for a great job."

Apologies Due

Try as hard as we might, we still sometimes mis-report or omit from our annual contribution report a few donors. For this we sincerely apologize.

We wish to belatedly acknowledge these **generous** donors for 2018:

Rick Smail

Gary Understein

Howard Rosenthal

Brian and Vicki Miller

Rob & Kathy Freer in memory of Libby and Mickey Gordon, '39

And if we've missed anyone else, please accept our sincerest apology.



Juan Santalo, '51, responded to AMA's July email newsletter article "Life as a cadet at AMA" by saying, "*I lost track of how many wheelbarrows of coal I shoveled into that furnace, not to mention marching the [bowl] with the M-1 rifle (9.5 lbs.) in winter (not allowed to have more than one pair of socks and hand gloves), picking up leaves in autumn and cleaning windows in the Spring. I was a "Rat" my first year at AMA, which happened to be the last year the academy allowed the custom.*

Thank you, Augusta Military Academy !!!

If you do not receive our monthly email newsletter, subscribe using the button on the bottom of our website home page.

Museum Director, **Neil Fitzgerald**, recently spoke to the Ruritan Hall Club in New Hope, "*It was a privilege and an honor to meet some wonderful folks there and thank you for your interest and questions of the Augusta Military Academy. I also want to thank you for your donation and the wonderful meal you all provide, thanks again.*"



Filling in for the missing **Micky Toms**, Brett Thompson lays one on **Stride Coleman**.



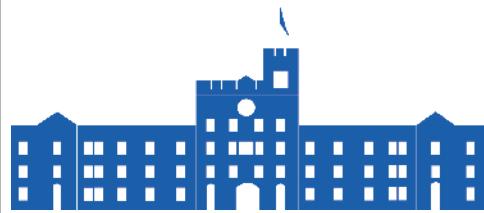
Jim Mitchell and **Mal Livick** have a lasting and enduring friendship, almost like Father and son after their many AMA interactions.

THE ROLLER SOCIETY

The Roller Society honors those who have pledged a behest to the AMA Alumni Foundation upon their departure. It is on the generosity of such as these that AMA's legacy will rely long after our last cadet has gone.

Your contribution helps fund the AMA Legacy Scholarship Program, publication and distribution of *The Bayonet* journal, operation of the AMA Museum, and preservation of its artifacts and memories, still located on the place where it was founded 154 years ago.

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED



P.O. Box 100, Fort Defiance, VA 24437

Non-Profit Organization
Postage and Fees Paid
Augusta Military Academy
Alumni Foundation

Save the Date! Reunion 2020

April 16 - 18

Plans are underway

Details will be presented in the Fall Bayonet.



The Roller Society honored **Mark Femrite, '71**, with a ceremonial saber, from a portion of Henry's bequeathment. Henry Passed away last fall. The saber will be a part of the museum's permanent exhibit.



Capt. Jim Palmershien, CWO5 David Cooper, Tom Del Valle, '72, B.J. d'Orsay, '70, and CSM Gary Littrell pose for a group photo at the end of Friday evening's festivities.